

# NATIONAL

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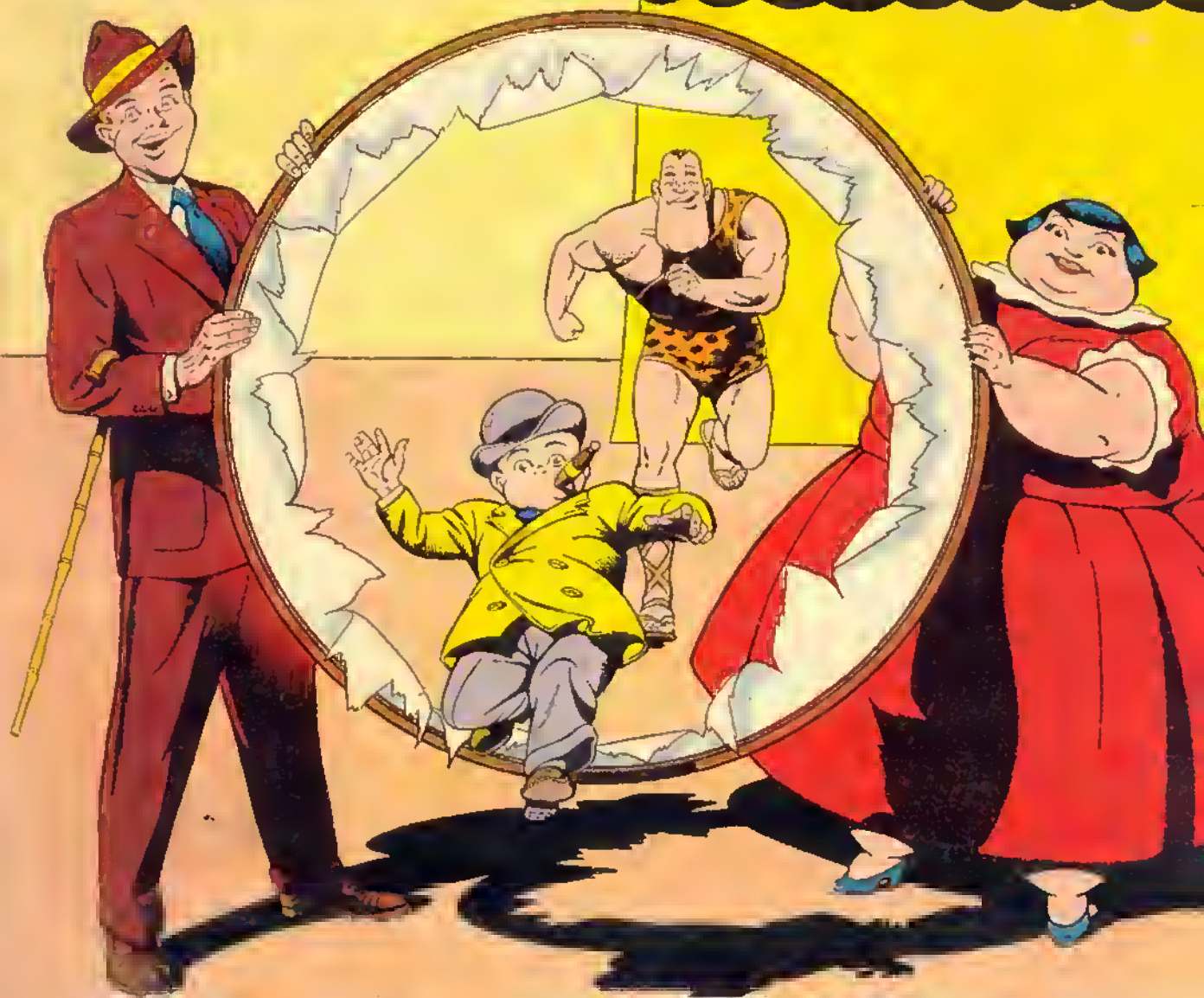


DECEMBER  
No. 63

## COMICS

10¢

The **BARKER**  
has a close shave  
WITH  
The **BEARDED LADY!**





## The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the Golden Age and Silver Age of comics. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Superman", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature iconic characters like Superman, Batman, Wonder Woman, and various cartoon animals. A large, stylized purple speech bubble with a black outline is centered over the collage. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a thick black drop shadow, making it stand out against the colorful background. The overall aesthetic is nostalgic and celebratory of classic comic book art.



# NATIONAL

## COMICS

DECEMBER  
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10¢

The **BARKER**  
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# Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!  
All for one low price of only \$4.98!



## At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

**Easy To Make Your Own Pictures!** Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and landmarks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

**Make Money While Having Fun!** This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

**THE CAMERA** has all the latest features, including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. **THE DEVELOPING KIT** consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

### 10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and, for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

## You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



## SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2531, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.00 plus 10¢ extra for postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$1.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit in me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.



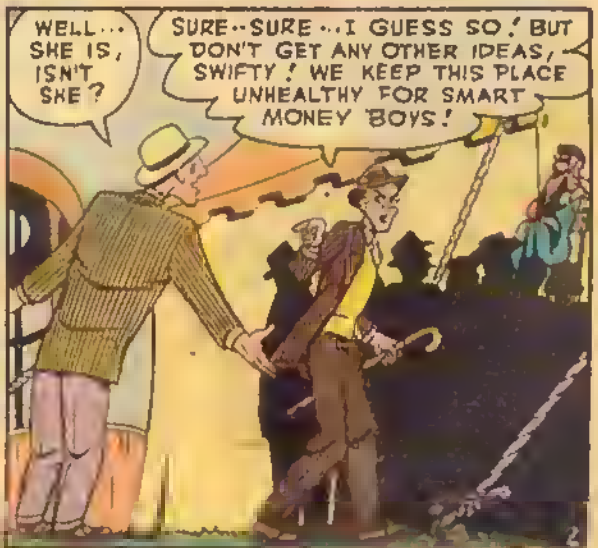
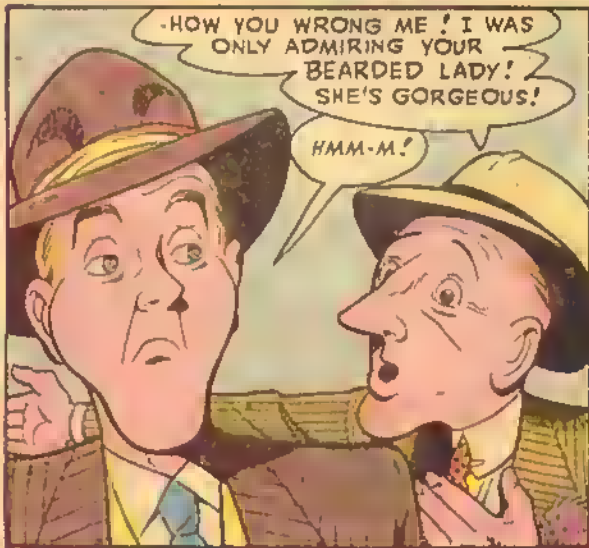
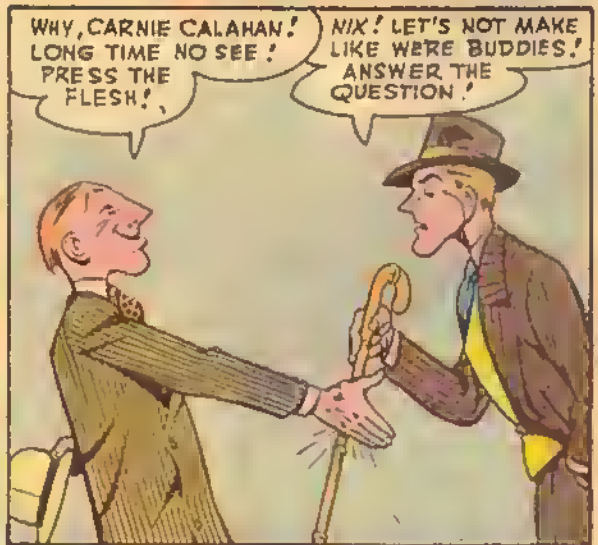
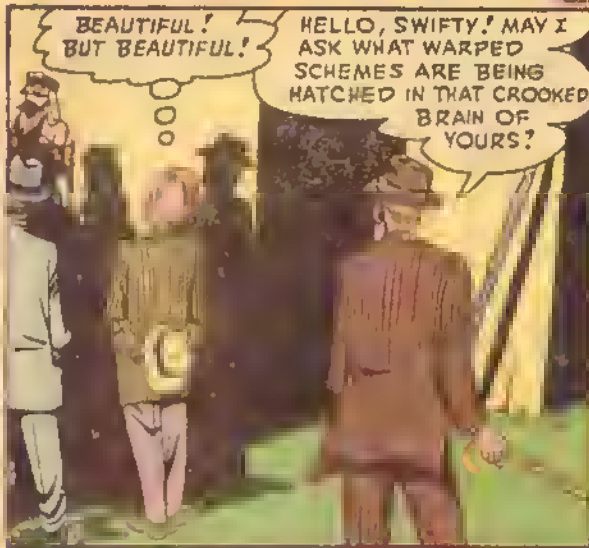
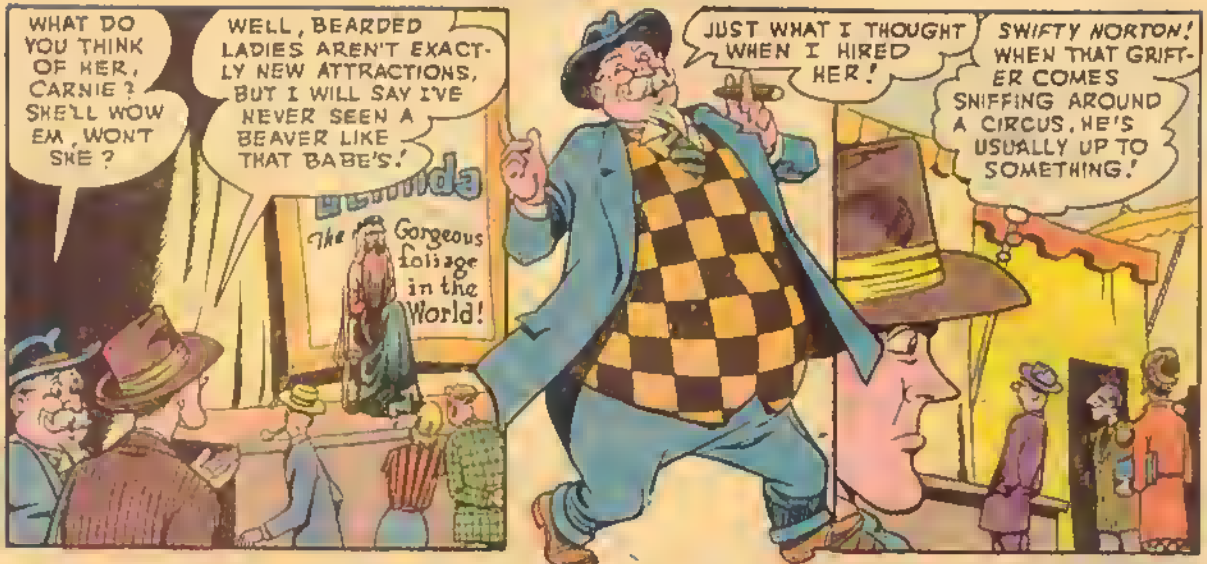
STEP UP CLOSER,  
FOLKS! SHE'S THE  
BEARDED LADY WITH  
THE LONGEST BEARD  
IN THE WORLD! YES,  
SIR-EE! YOUR MONEY BACK  
IF YOU CAN PRODUCE ANY  
MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD  
WITH A BEARD THAT IS  
LONGER OR MORE  
BEE-OO-TIFUL!

The

BARKER

by  
Klaus Nordling

Carnie Calahan, the genial  
BARKER for Colonel Lane's  
Mammoth Circus, gets in  
an entanglement ... all because  
of BELINDA, the bearded  
lady!





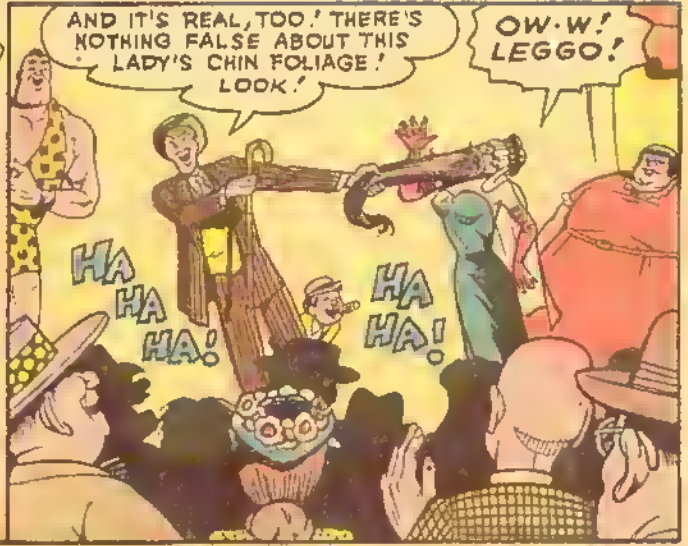
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... LOOK AT THAT BEARD! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ONE AS LONG, AS THICK, AS MAGNIFICENT?



AND IT'S REAL, TOO! THERE'S NOTHING FALSE ABOUT THIS LADY'S CHIN FOLIAGE! LOOK!

OW-W! LEGGO!



A THOUSAND PARDONS, BELINDA! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO PROVE MY POINT!



FOLKS, WE'VE BROUGHT BELINDA, THE BEARDED LADY, OUT HERE TODAY BECAUSE SHE'S NEW TO THE CIRCUS AND SHE'S DIFFERENT! AND THAT'S THE WAY YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING ON THE INSIDE! SO STEP UP... STEP UP... AND BUY YOUR TICKETS!

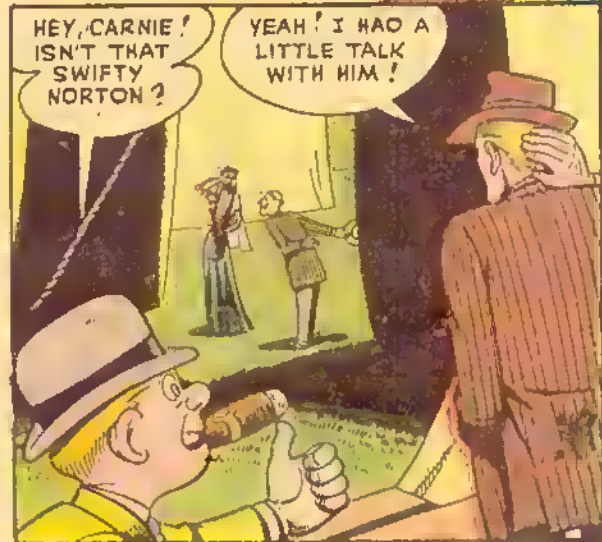


SHE'S THE GAL FOR ME!



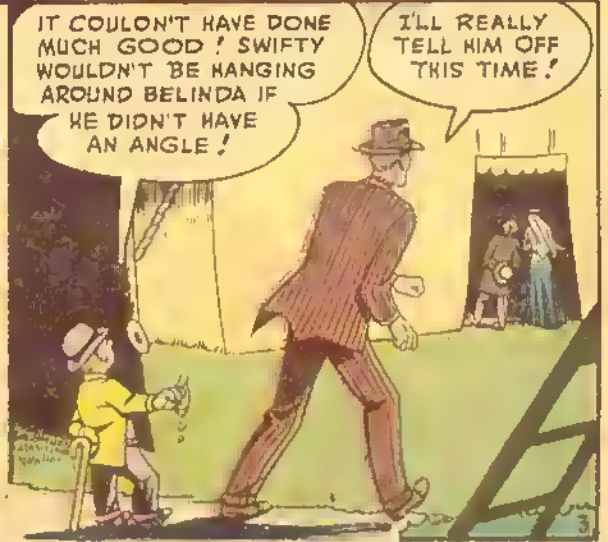
HEY, CARNIE! ISN'T THAT SWIFTY NORTON?

YEAH! I HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH HIM!

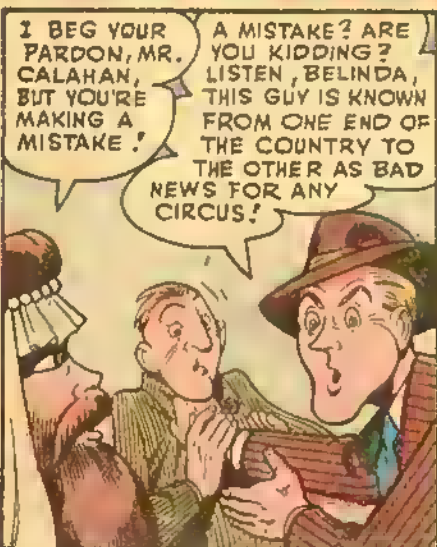
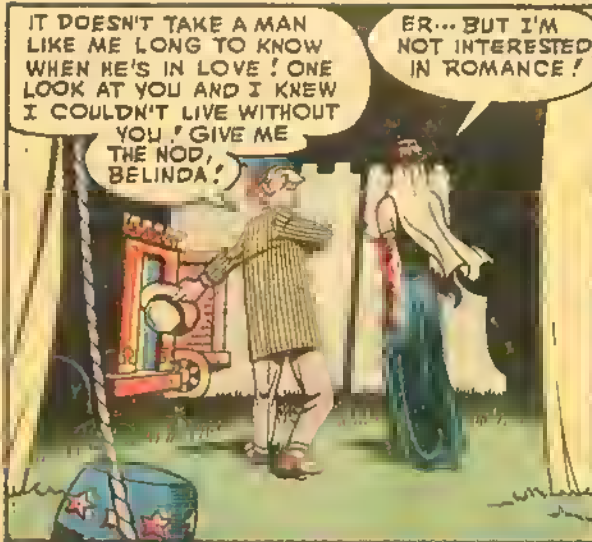


IT COULDN'T HAVE DONE MUCH GOOD! SWIFTY WOULDN'T BE HANGING AROUND BELINDA IF HE DIDN'T HAVE AN ANGLE!

I'LL REALLY TELL HIM OFF THIS TIME!

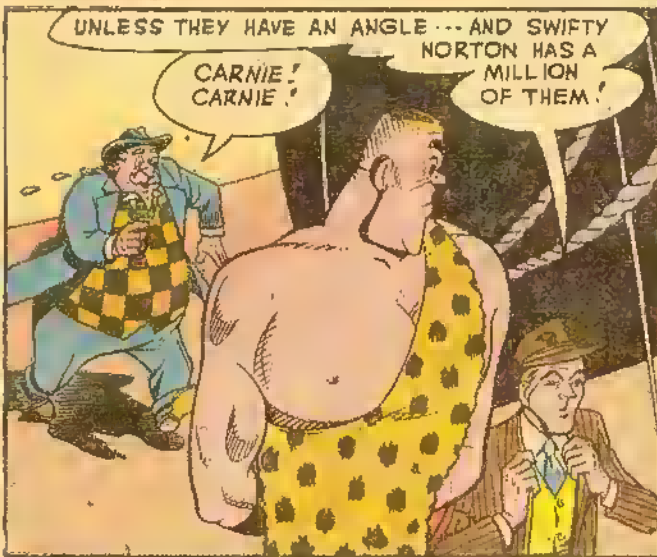
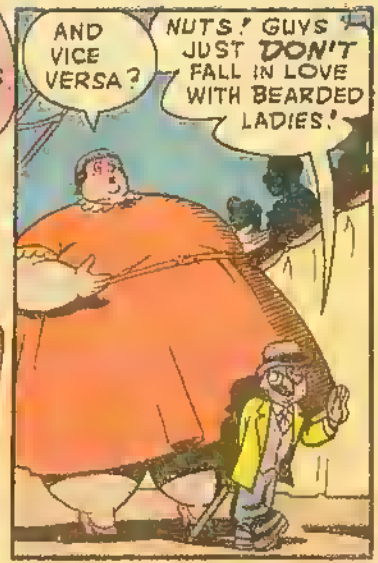
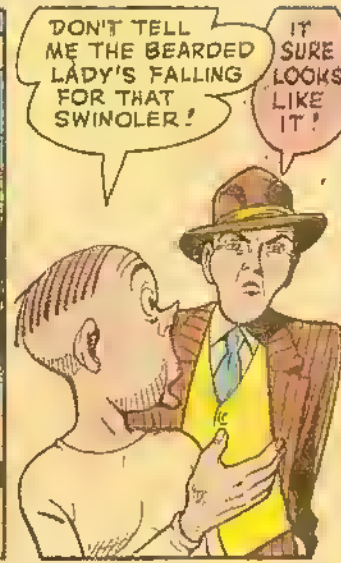


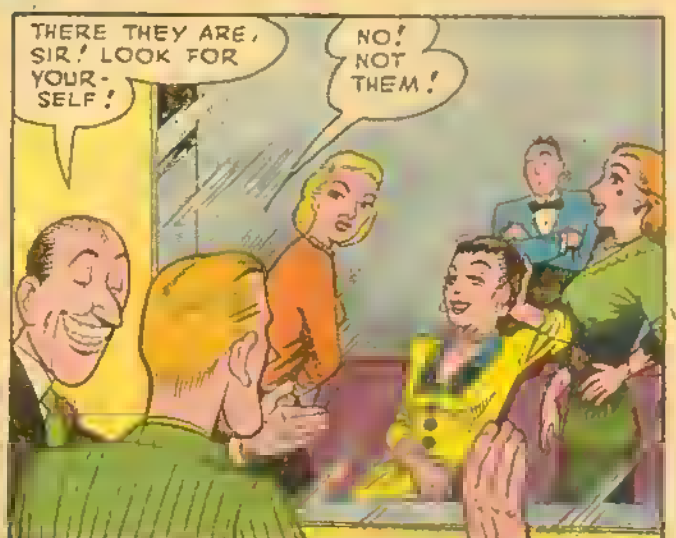
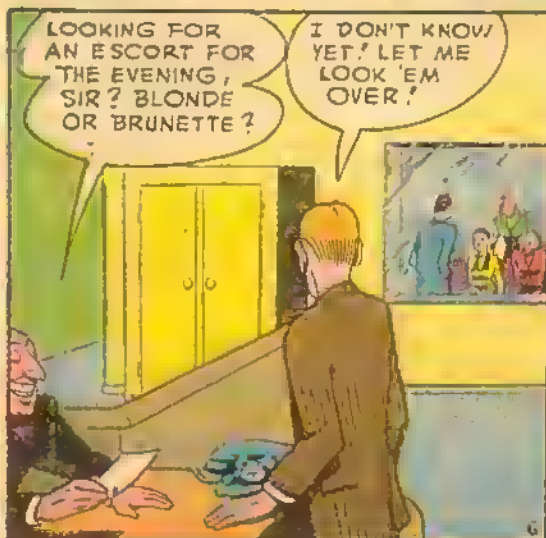
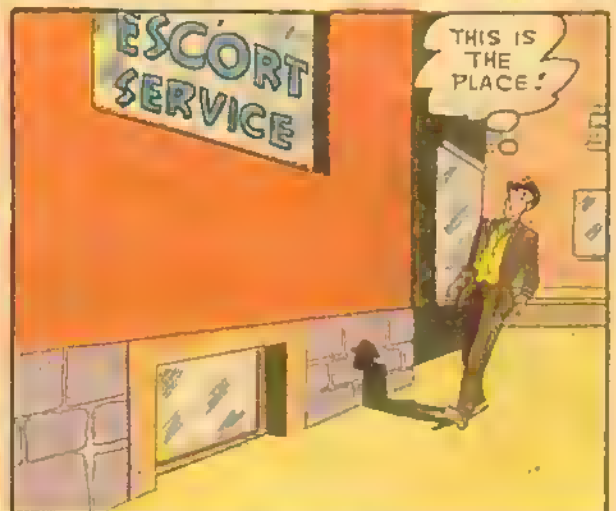
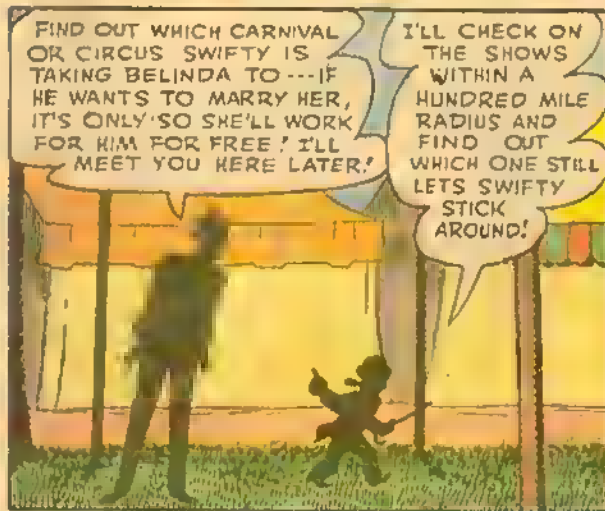
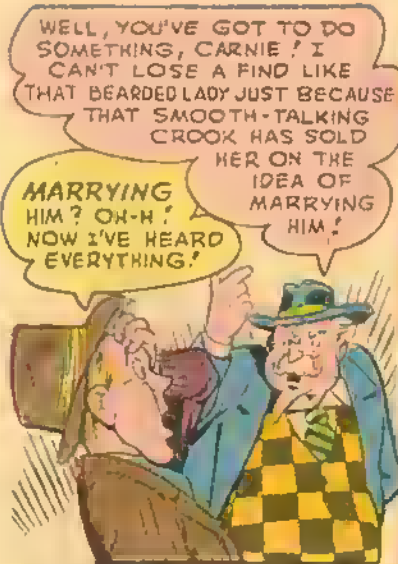
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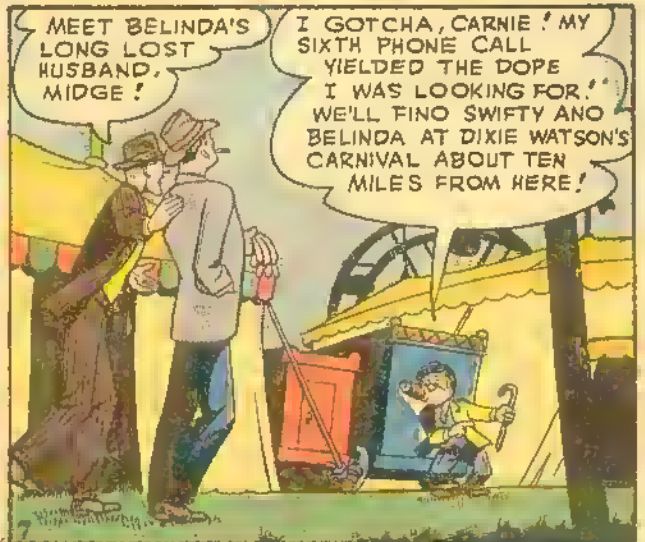
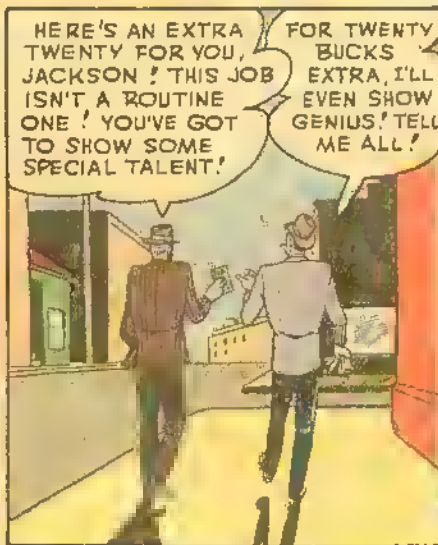
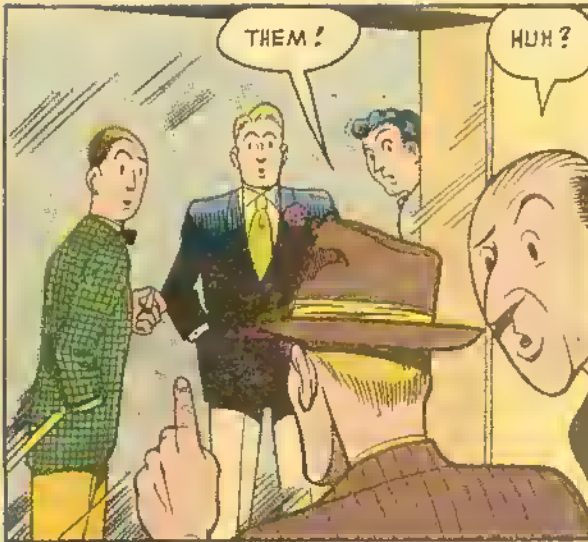


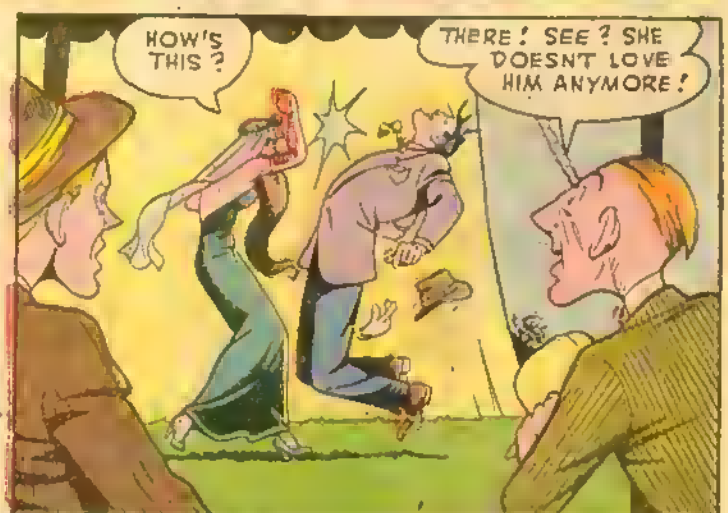
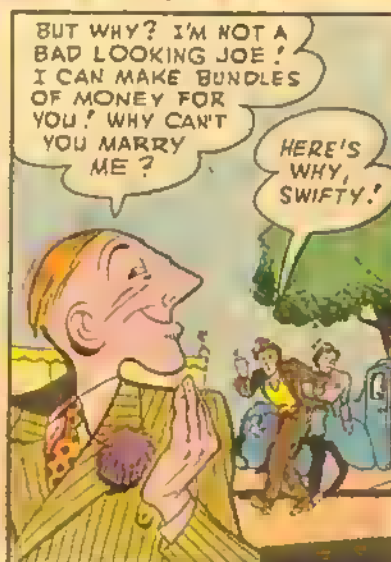
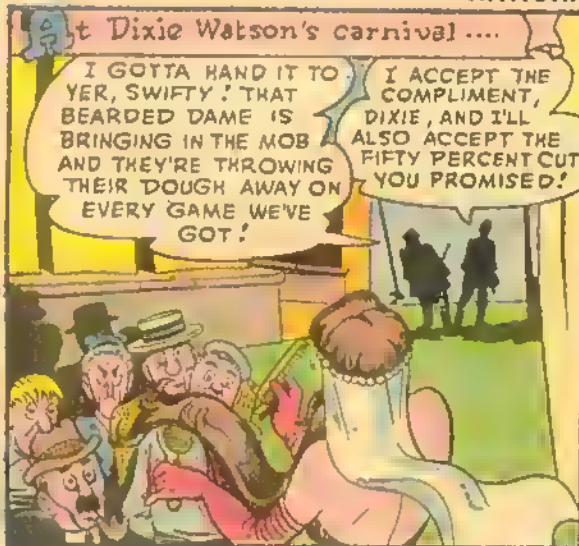
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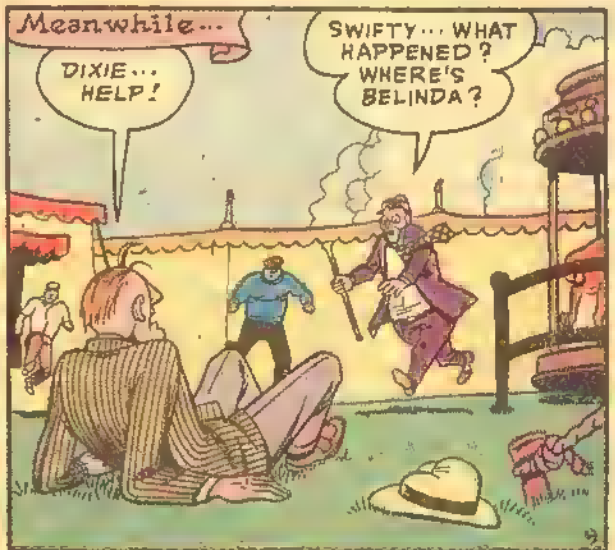
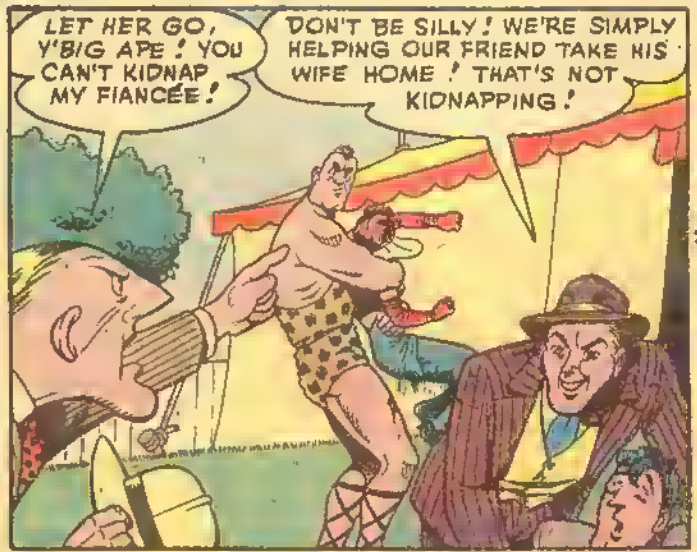
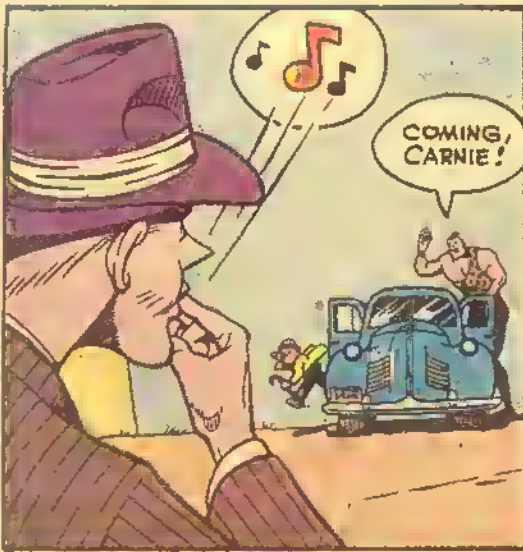




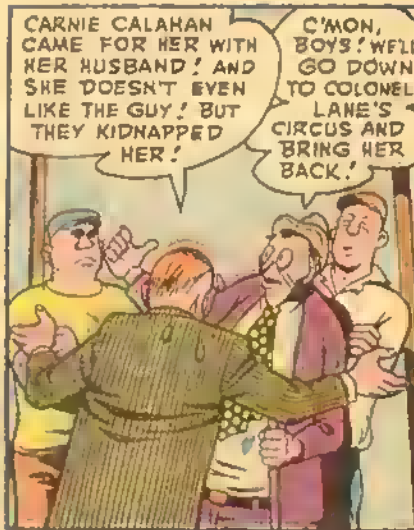






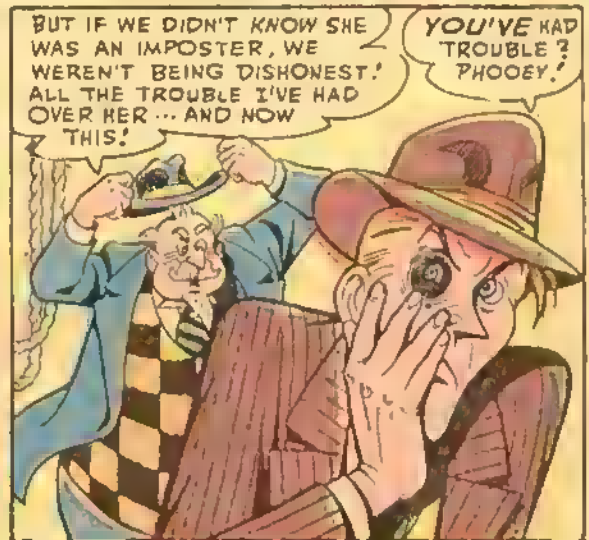
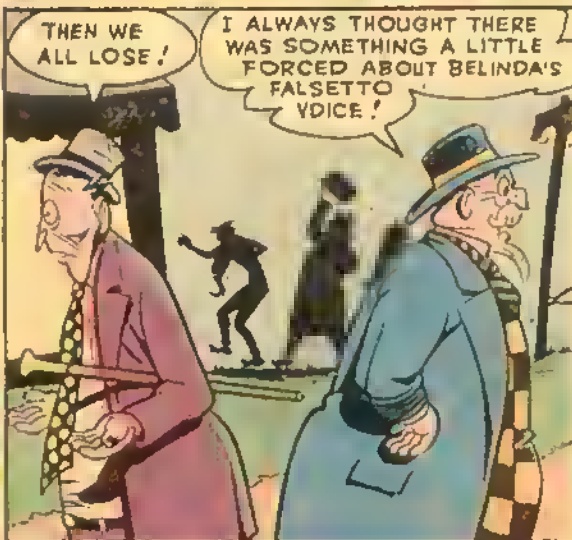


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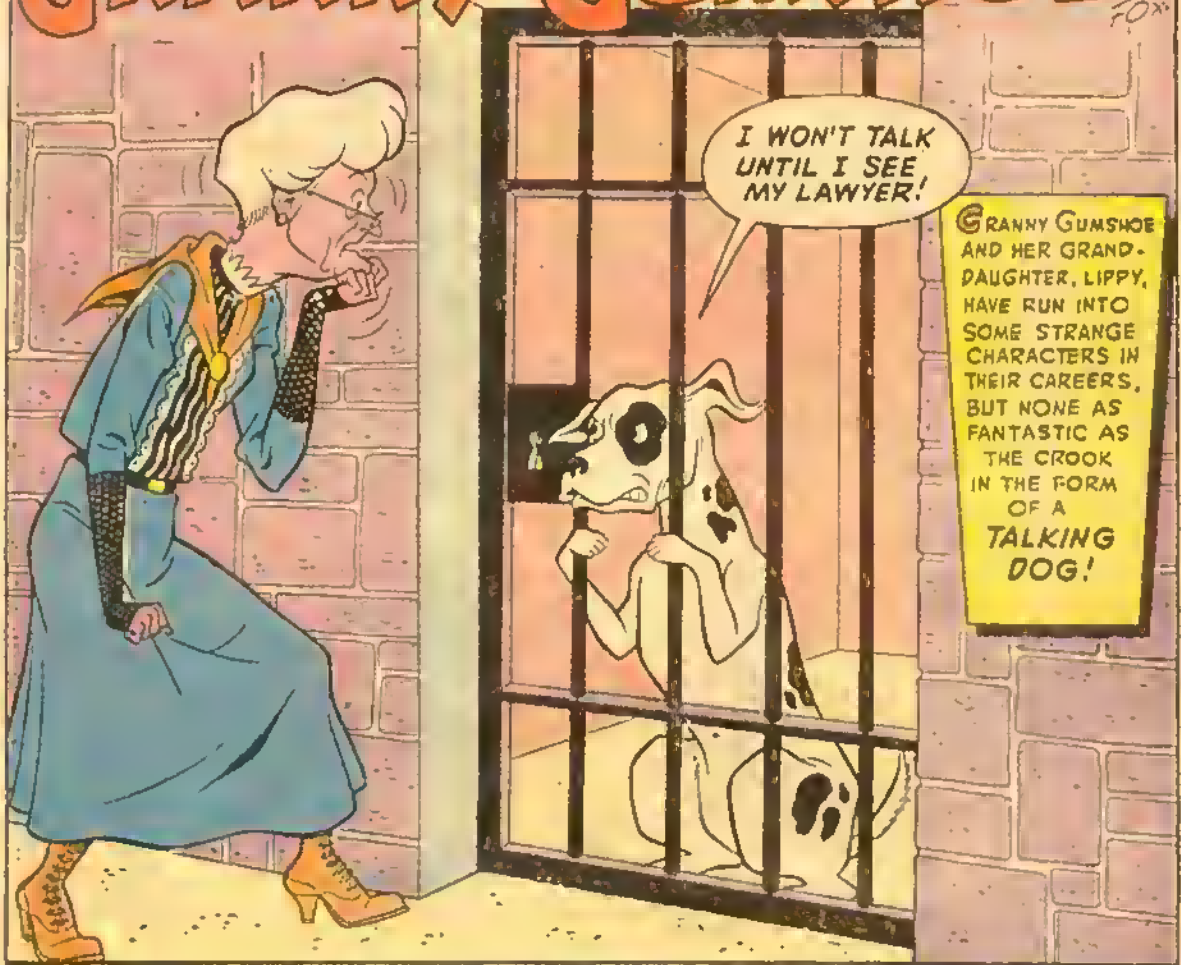






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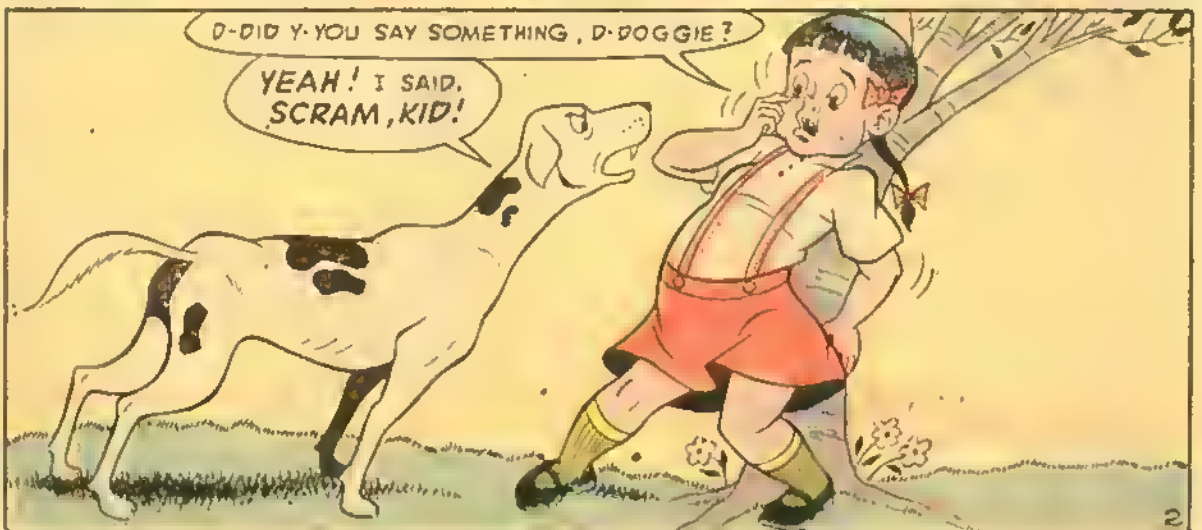
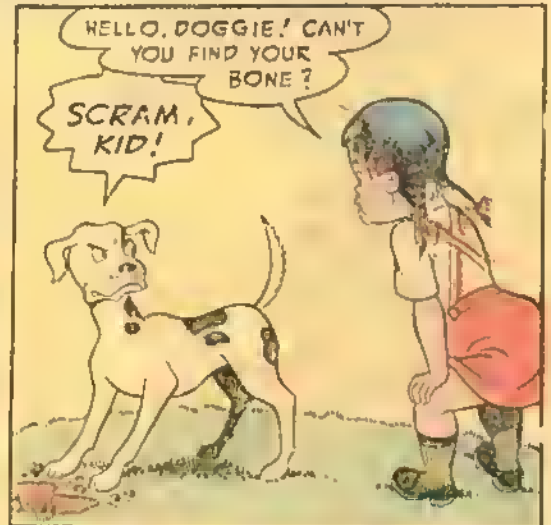
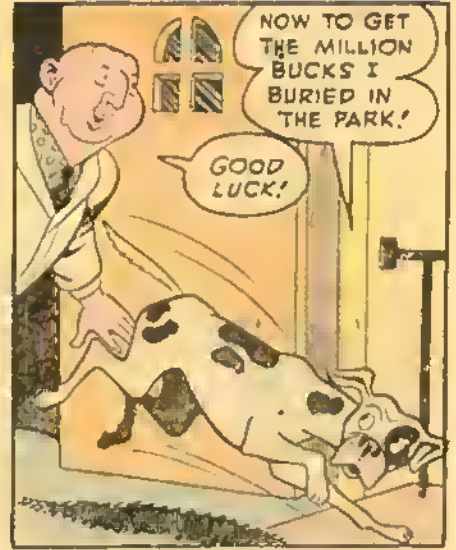
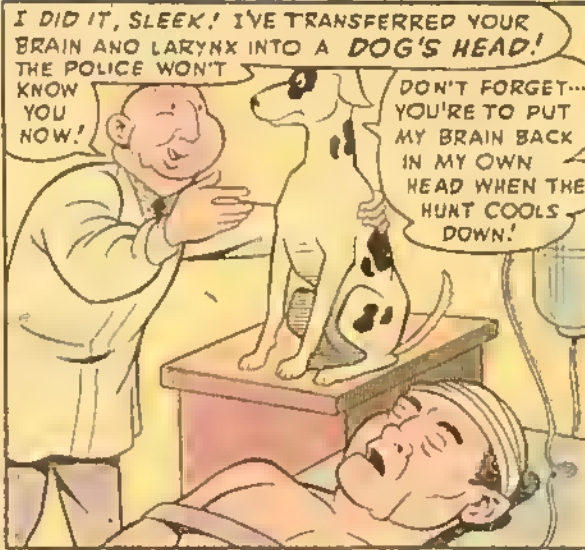
# GRANNY GUMSHOE by GILL FOX



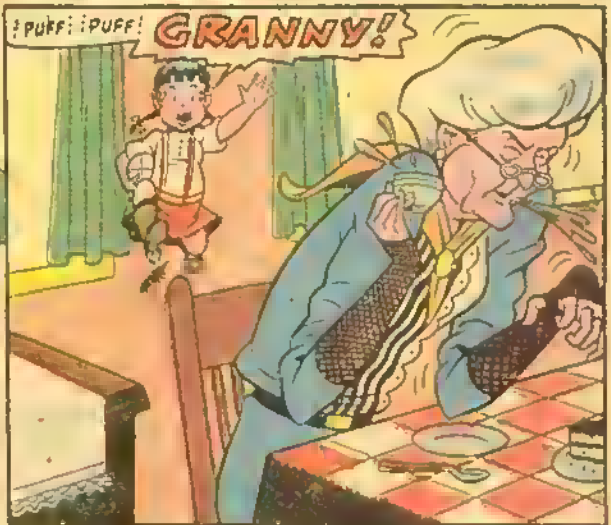
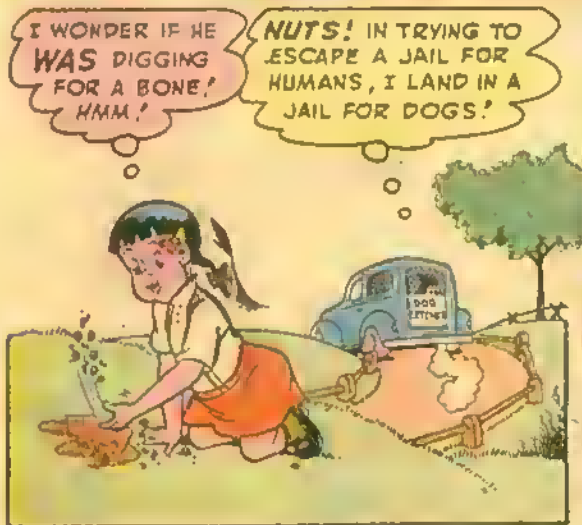
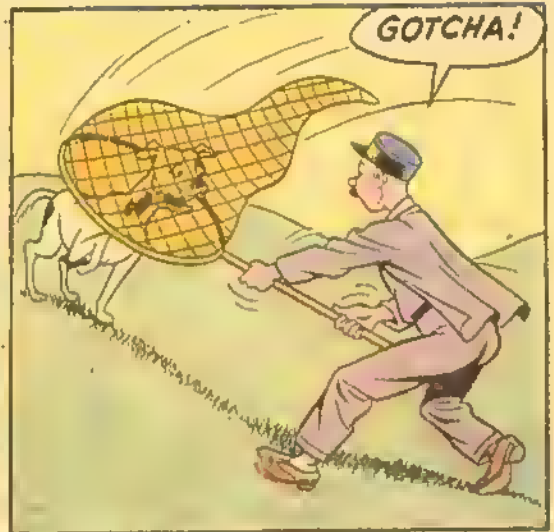
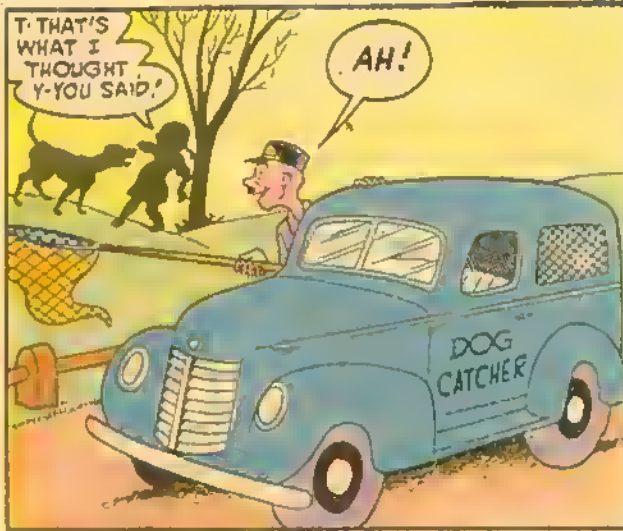
A nation-wide alarm has been given to pick up JAKE SLEEK, the master embezzler who stole one million dollars from the bank where he was employed! It's a dark night in Granny's town of Weston, when a figure darts from the shadows and rings the bell of Dr. Ripp, an underworld surgeon...

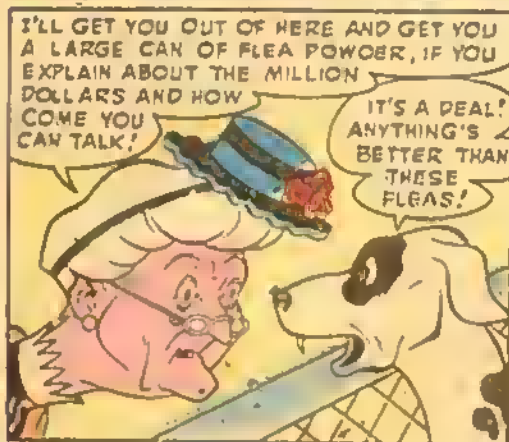
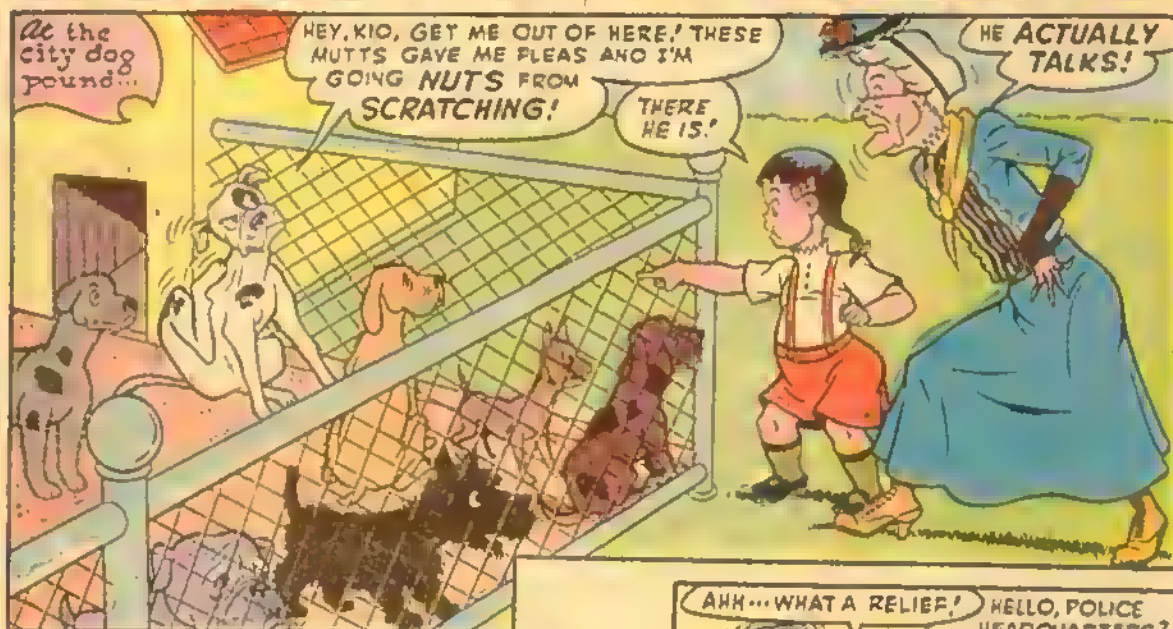
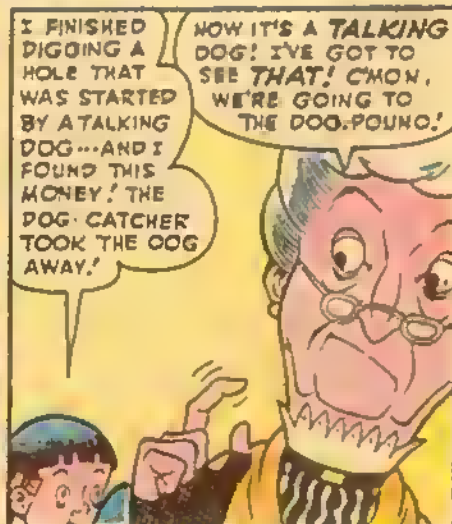
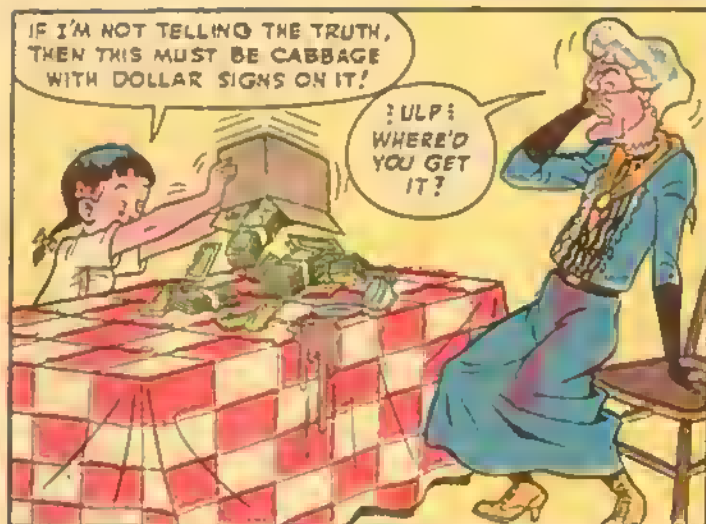


As dawn tints the sky, an operation unique in the history of surgery has been successfully completed in the laboratory of Doctor Ripp!

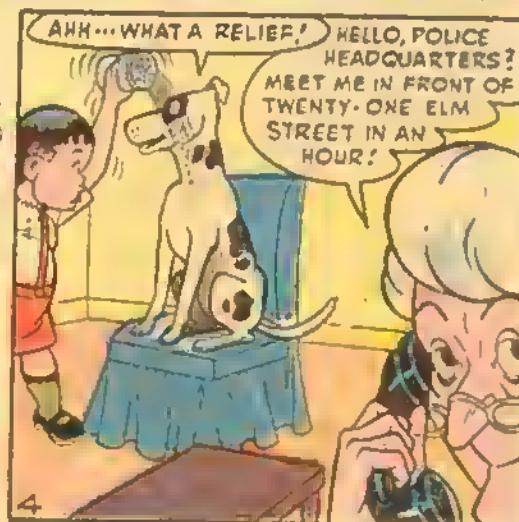




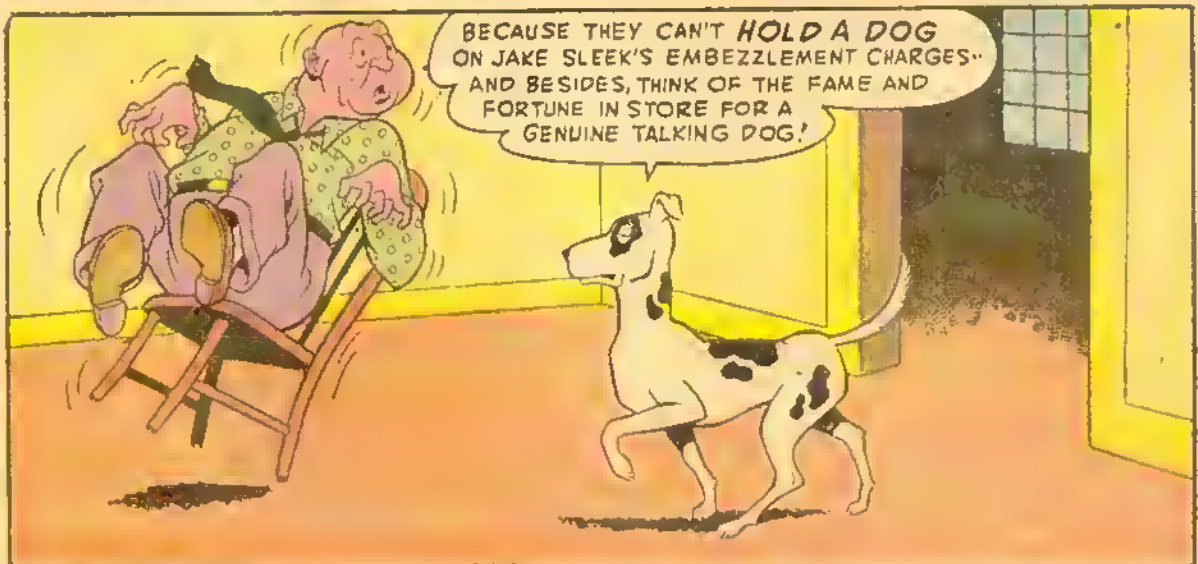
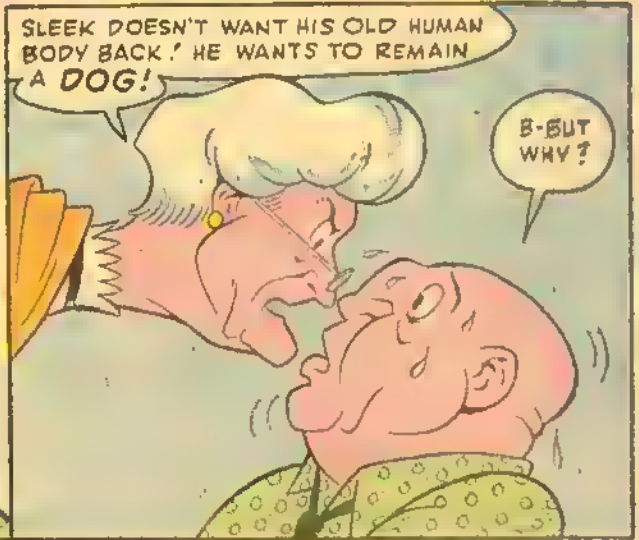
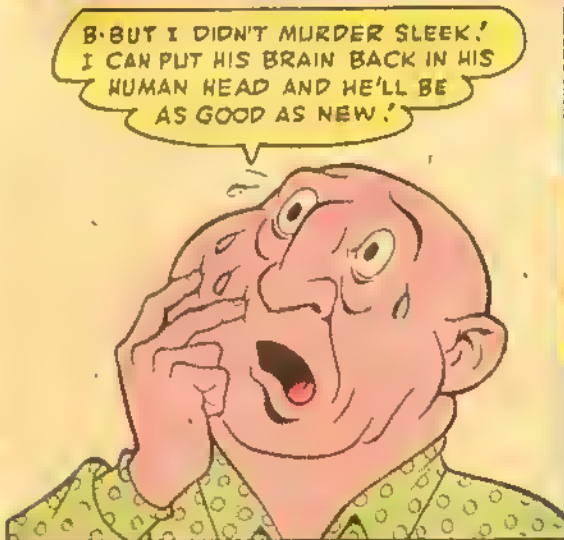
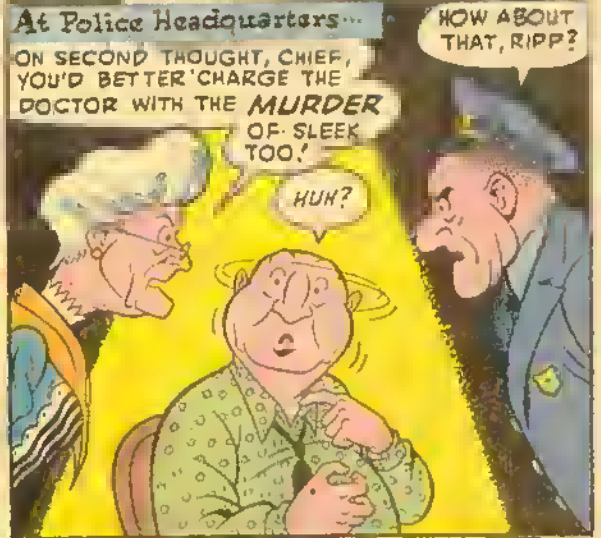


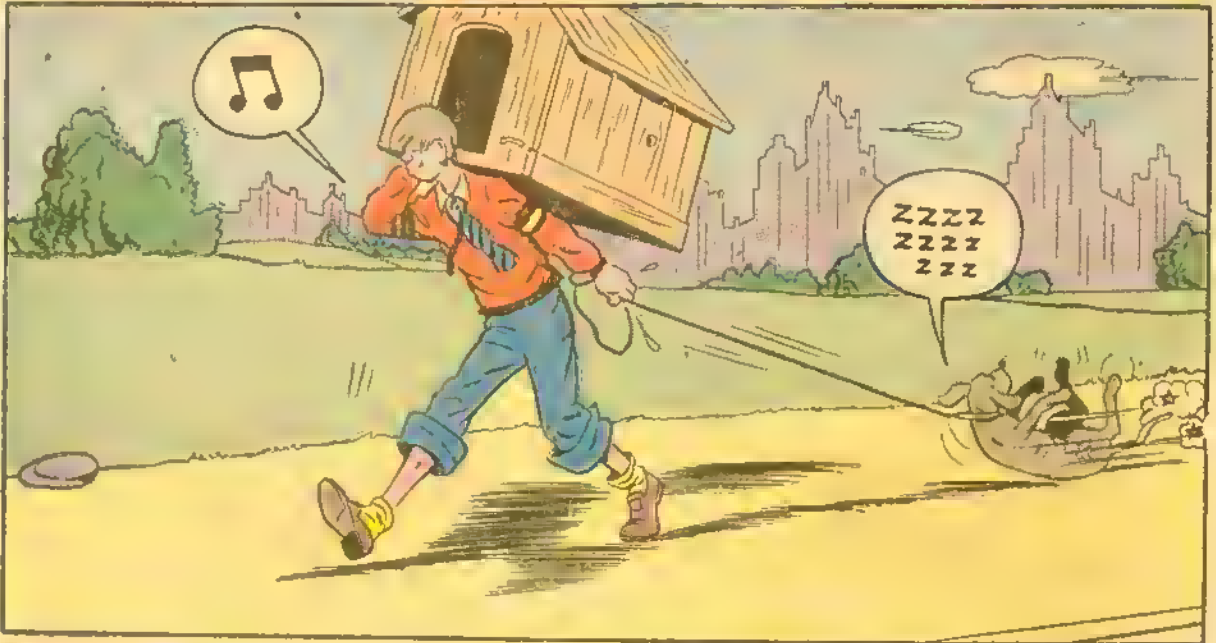


Back in Granny's house- the dog has told his story!



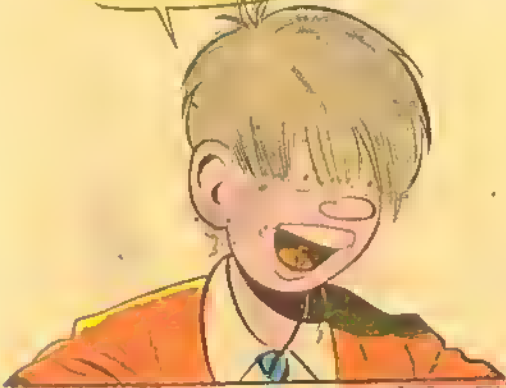








THE NICE MAN ALSO SAID, IF ATOM DOESN'T PROVE HIS WORTH AS A WATCHDOG AT THE END OF **TWENTY YEARS**, YOU GET YOUR **FIVE DOLLARS** BACK, PAPA!



PAPA! PLISS! DON'T BE BLAMINK ANTHROP! IT VOOS BEING MINE IDEAR, PAPA! I GIFF HIM THE **MOOLA** FROM YOUR ALRADDY MONT'LY ALLOWANCE!

DID I DO SOMETHIN', PAPA?



PAPA, PLISS! DON'T BE GATTINK EXERCITED FROM NOTTINK! YOUR MONNEE YOU'LL BE GATTINK BACK IN TWENTY YEARS... IF ATOM BE OTHERWISE THAN A VATCHDOK!

GRRR! H-HOKAY, MAMA! HOKAY!

YEH, PAPA! YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY BACK! JUS' BE PATIENT!



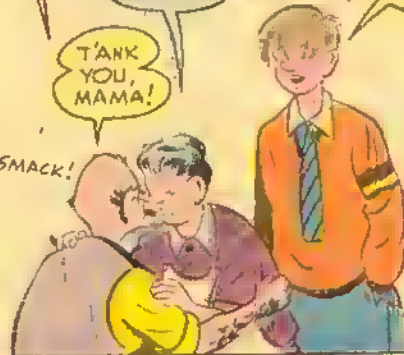
HOKAY, MAMA! GUESS VE COULD BE USINK A VATCHDOG, AT THET!

GOOT PAPA! A KISS YOU IS BE GATTINK NOW!

THE MAN SAID ATOM'S A PEDIGREE WATCHDOG, PAPA!

T'ANK YOU, MAMA!

SMACK!



AMAZINK! A PEDIGREE, YAT! A DOK HE ISS ALSO LOOKING LAK! HMM!

THE MAN SAID HE'S A DOG, TOO, PAPA!

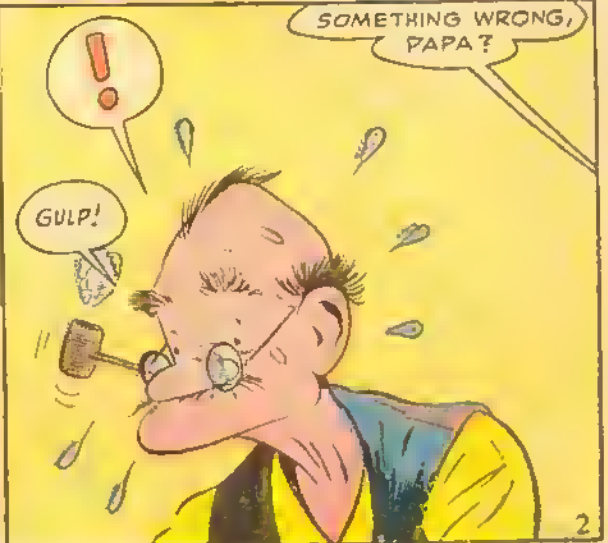
HMM!

Z-Z-Z-Z  
Z-Z-Z-Z  
Z-Z-Z

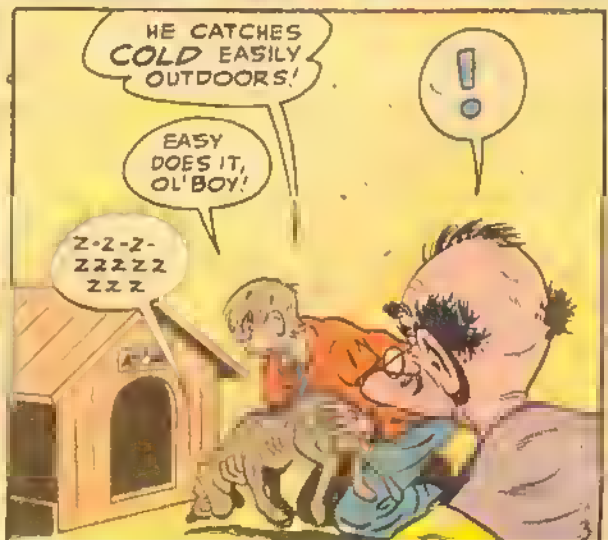
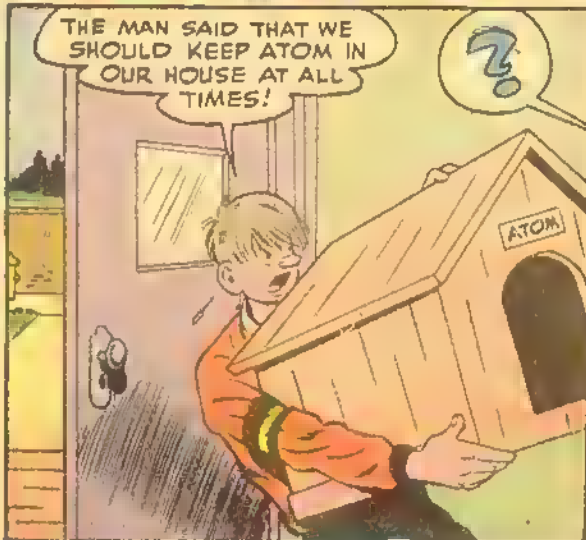
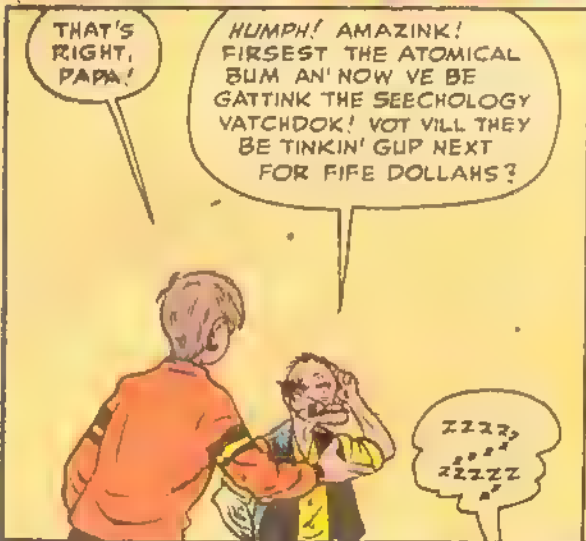


SOMETHING WRONG, PAPA?

GULP!

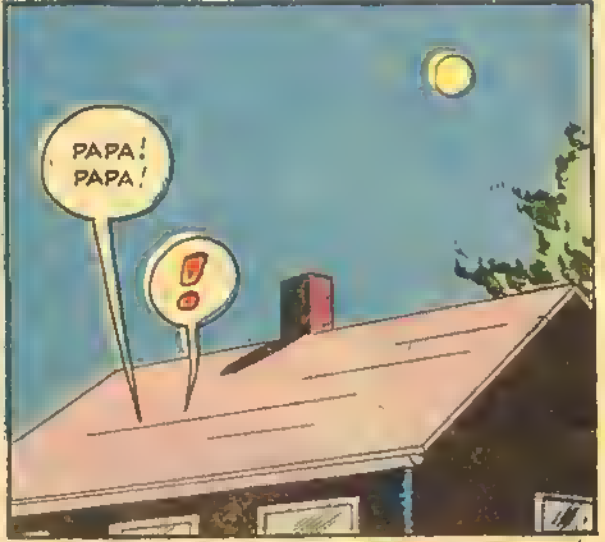
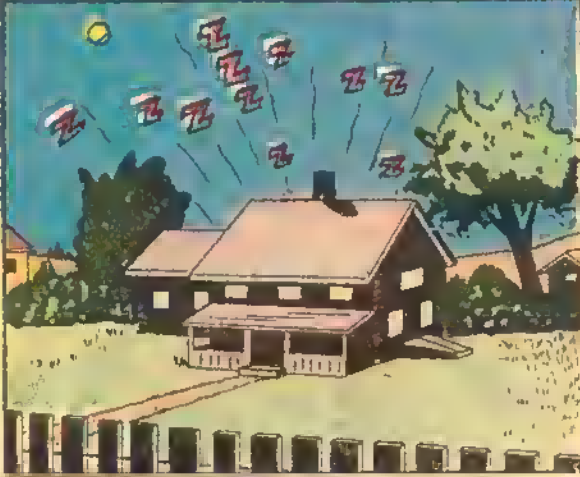


NATIONAL COMICS





That night ... late, 9 P.M. ... THE ANTHROP HOUSEHOLD IS DEEP IN MORPHEUS ...



PAPA!  
PAPA!

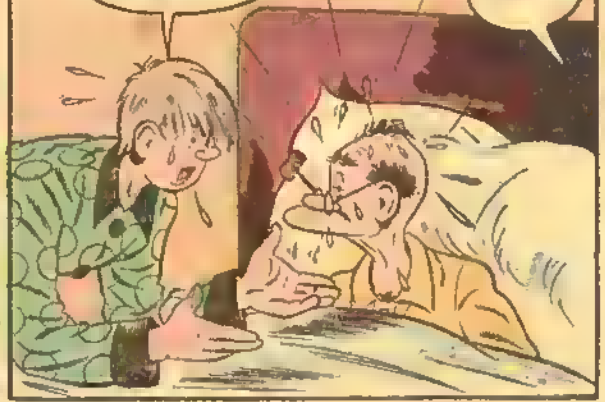
T-THERE'S SOMEBODY  
MOVIN' ABOUT DOWN-  
STAIRS! I-I  
THINK IT'S A  
B-BURGLAR!

HIMPUSSIBLE!



P-PAPA! I-I FORGOT TO TELL YOU  
GULP! ATOM'S A DAY  
WATCHDOG ONLY!  
ATOM SLEEPS  
NIGHTS!

GULP!



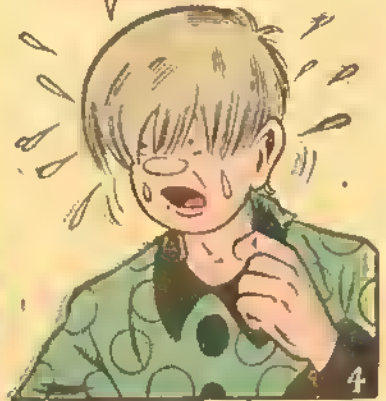
PAPA! PAPA! PLISS! YOU MIGHT  
BE VAKIN' ATOM UP YET! PLISS!  
TOMORROW ANTHROP VILL BE  
EXCHANGINK ATOM FOR A  
NIGHT VATCHDOK  
ALRADDY!

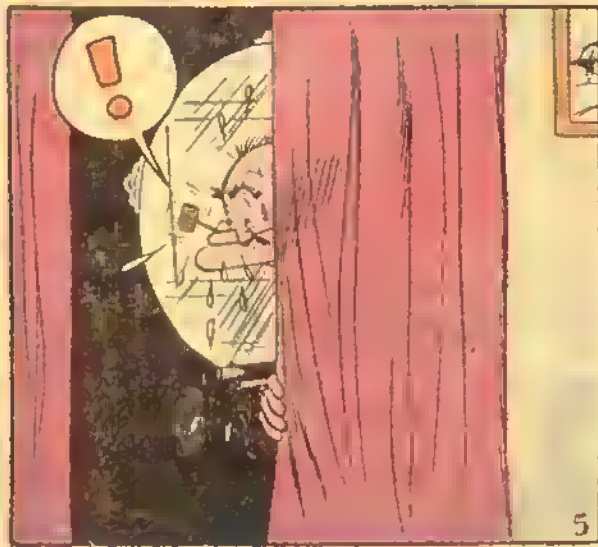
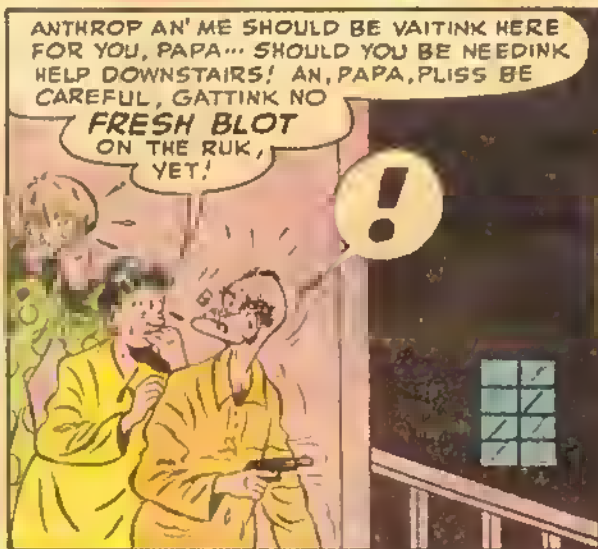
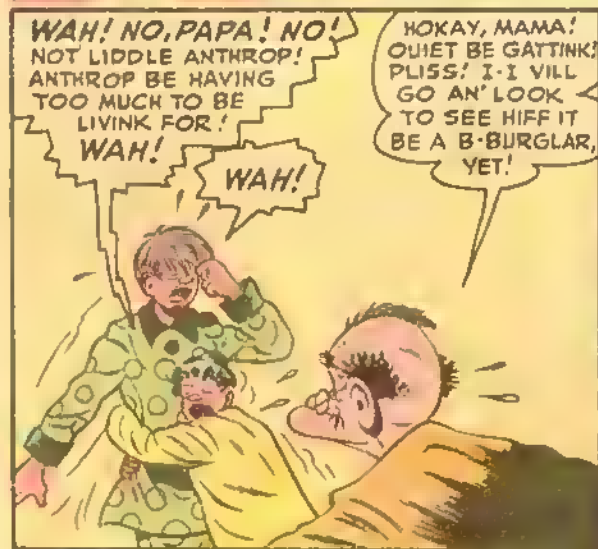
GULP! S-SORRY, MAMA!  
THE MAN IS ALL OUTTA  
PSYCHOLOGY NIGHT  
WATCHDOGS!

GULP! THE MAN SAID  
WE SHOULD  
SLEEP IN THE  
DAYTIME!

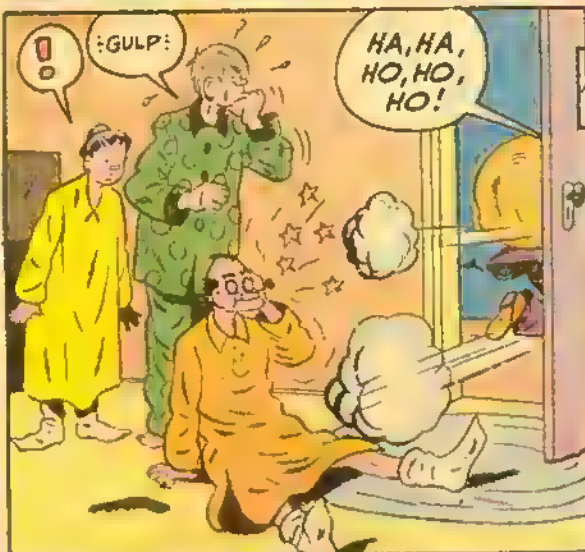
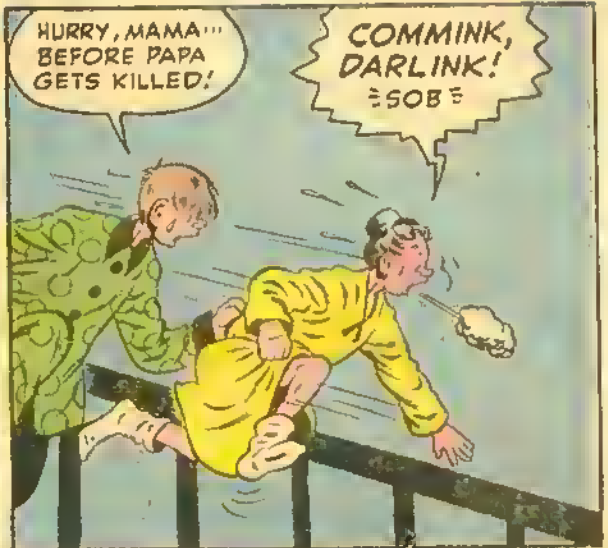
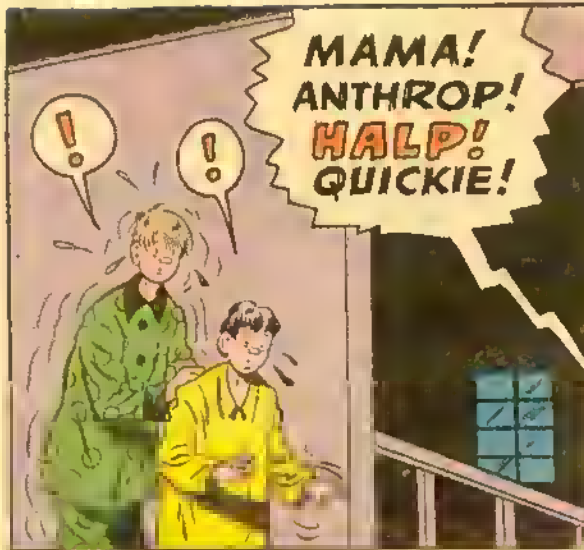


Ree#!!\*\*  
\*\*Zoz\*\*  
?\*











BUT I DESERVE TO TAKE LULETTE TO THE COAST! IT WAS MY EVIDENCE THAT PROVED HER GUILTY! AFTER ALL, SHE'S A WOMAN ...I'M A WOMAN! I ...

BUT THERE'S A RUMOR OUT THAT HER GANG IS GONNA TRY TO TURN HER LOOSE EN ROUTE! I'M ASSIGNING McTAGG TO THE TRIP!

BUT HIS VACATION IS COMING UP! HE SHOULD ...

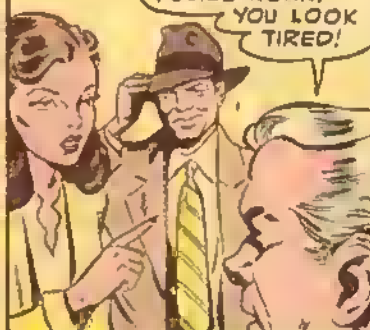
VACATION? THAT REMINDS ME, SALLY ... YOU'VE GOT SOME TIME OFF COMING! TAKE IT AND GET SOME REST FROM POLICE WORK! YOU LOOK TIRED!

Later that day ...

GONNA GET YOUR VACATION RESERVATION, SALLY? C'MON, WE'LL WALK YOU THERE! LULETTE HERE

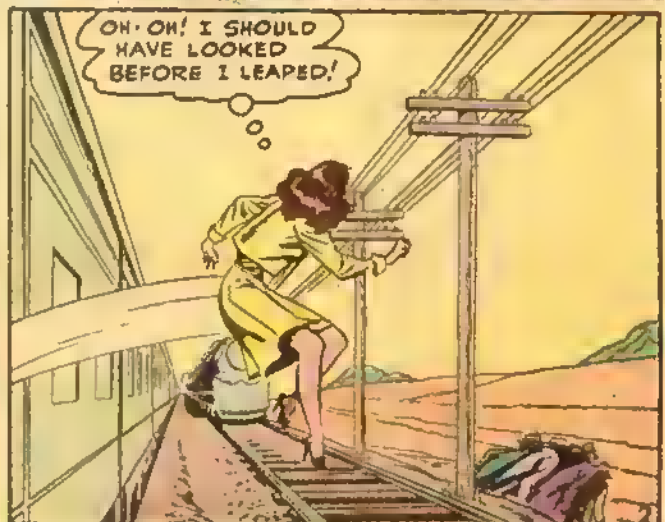
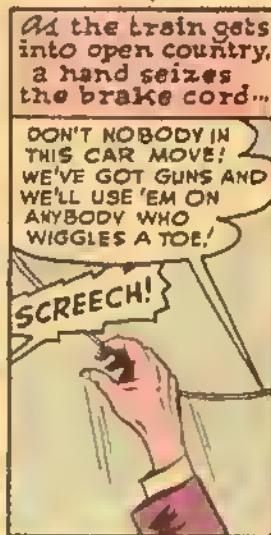
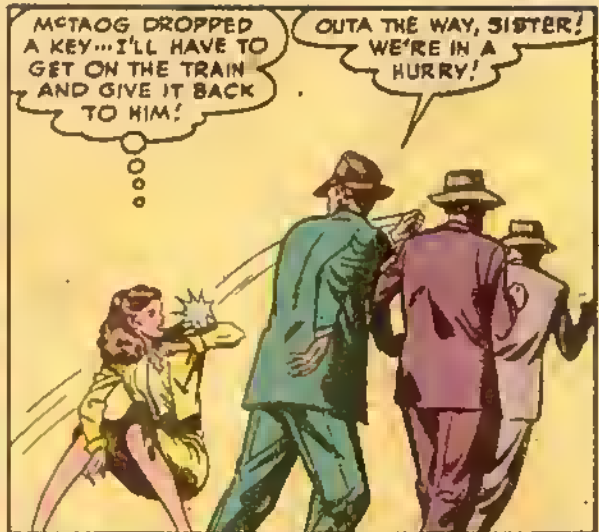
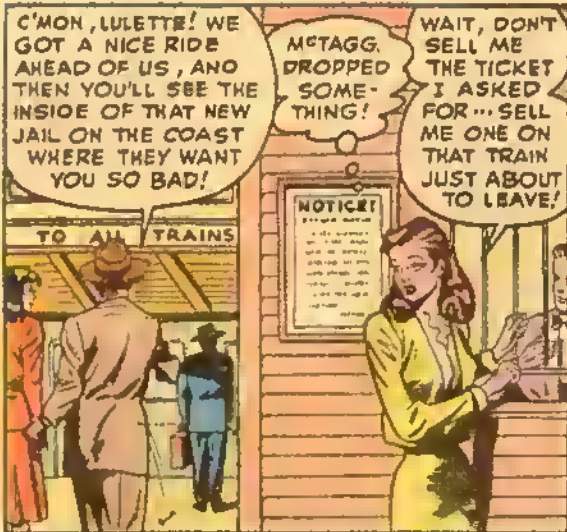
INSISTS ON TAGGING ALONG!

I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY, YOU BIG LUG!

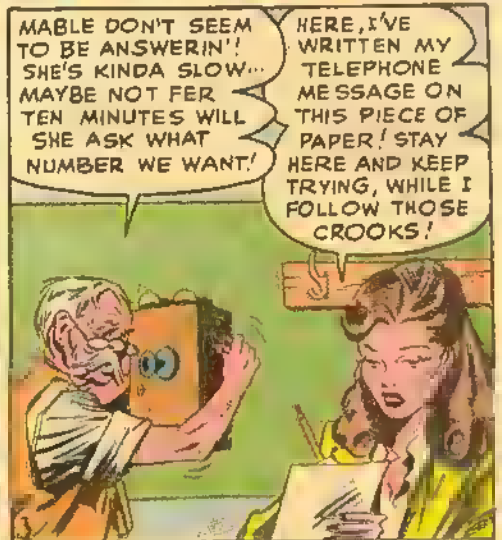
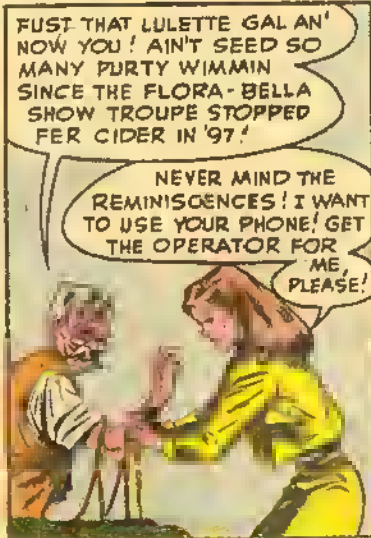
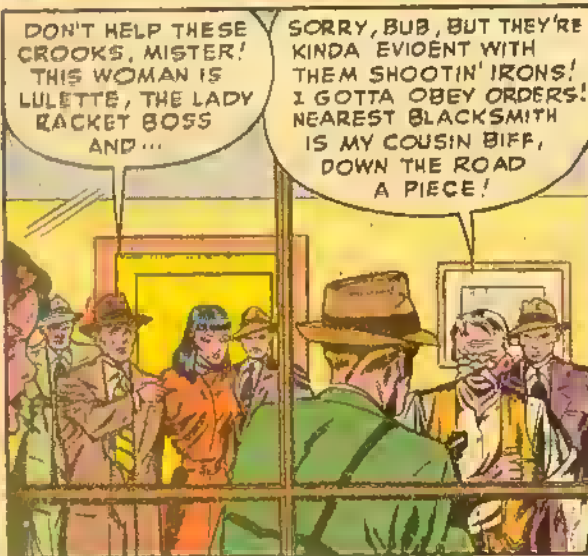
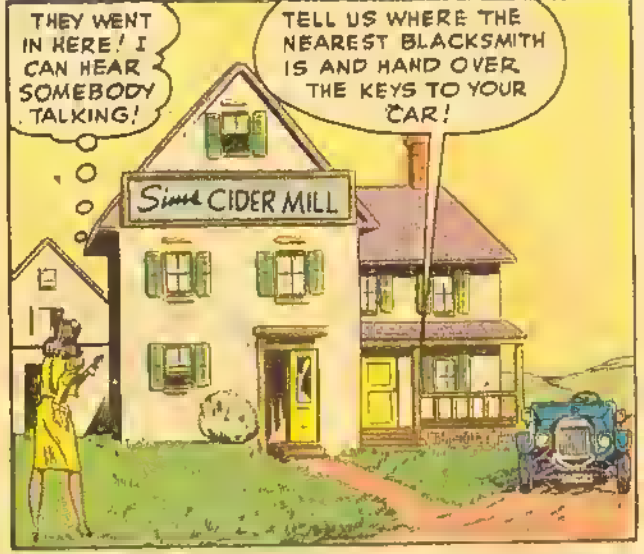




NATIONAL COMICS

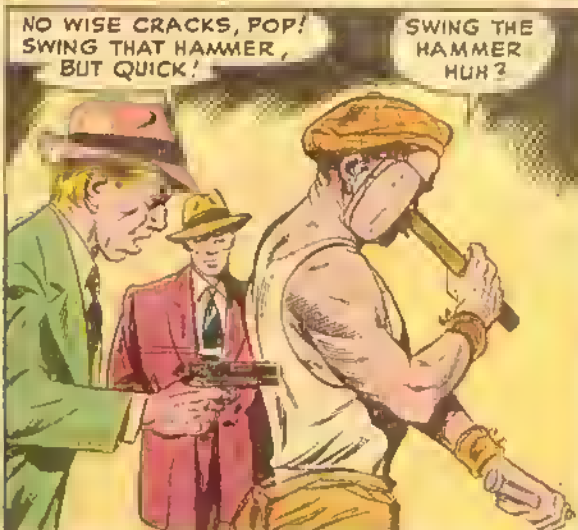
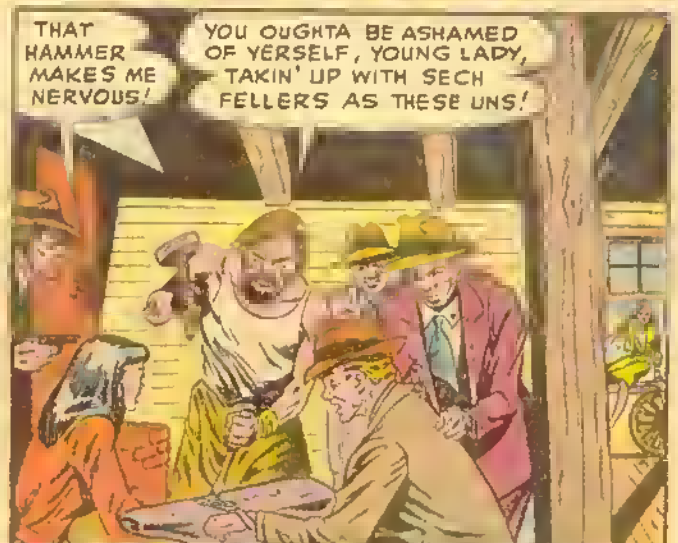
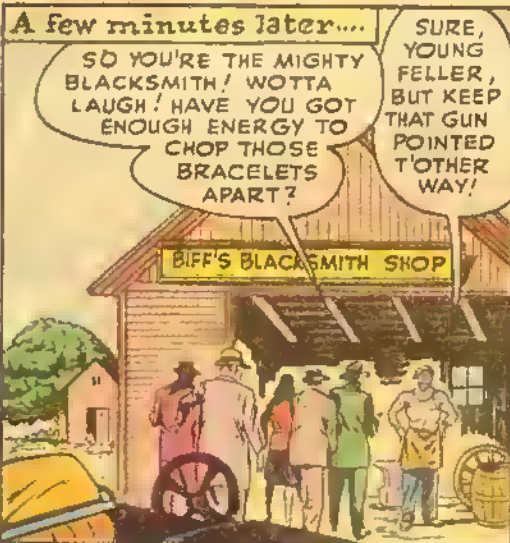
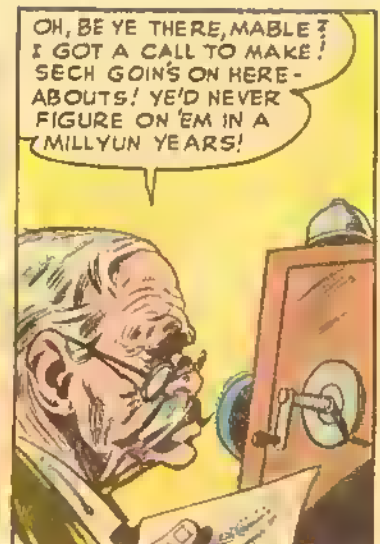
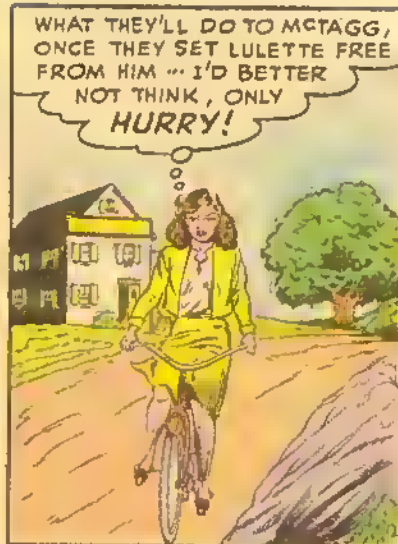
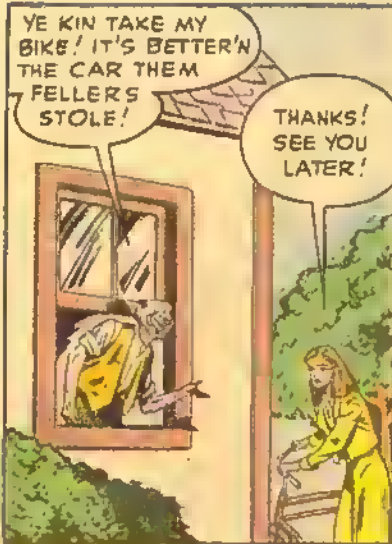


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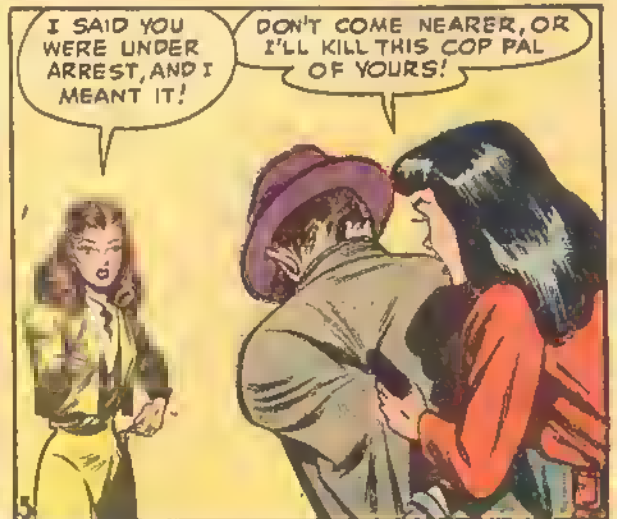
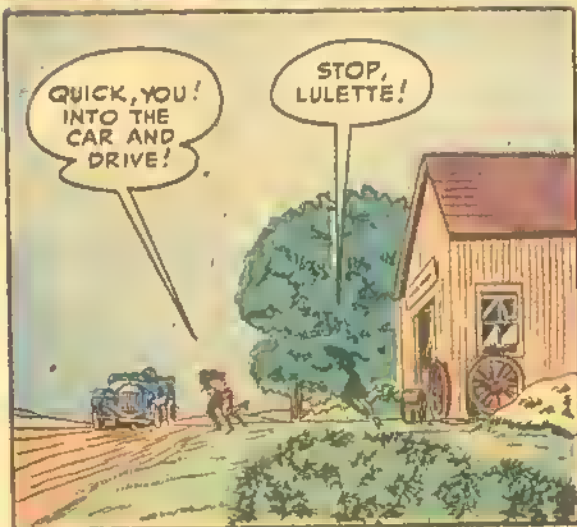
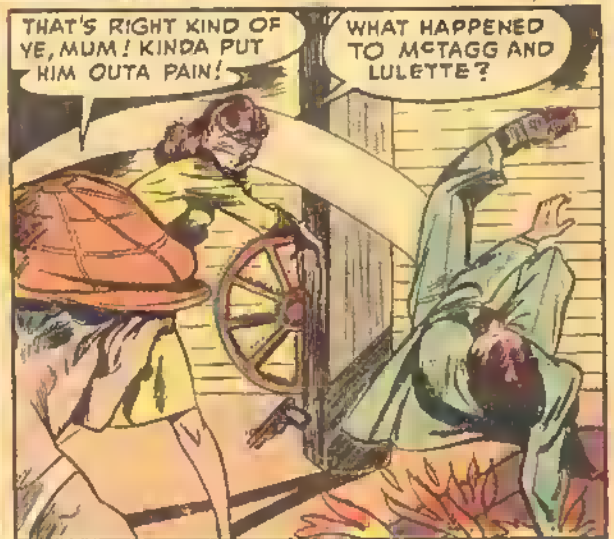




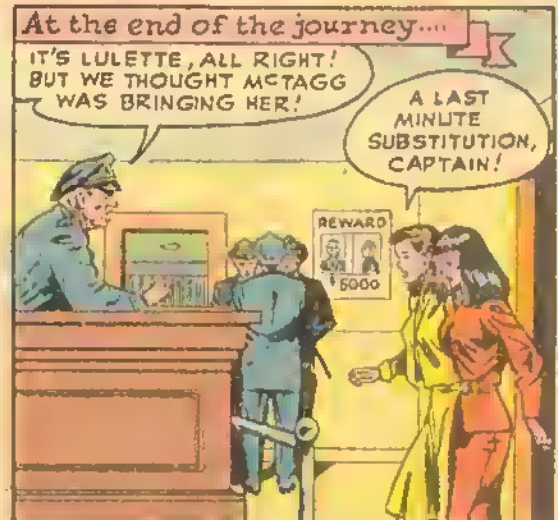
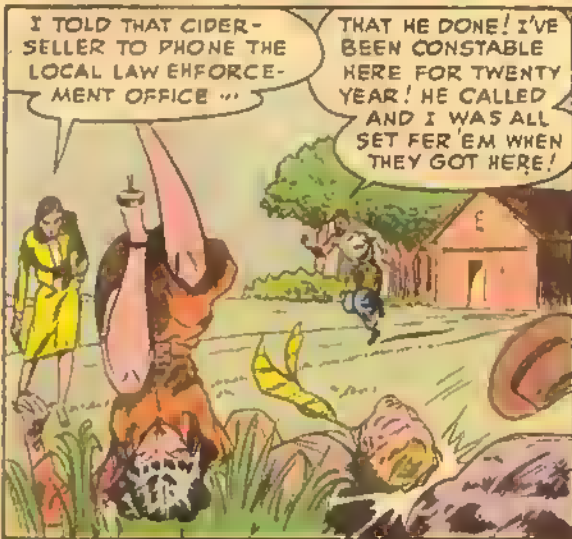
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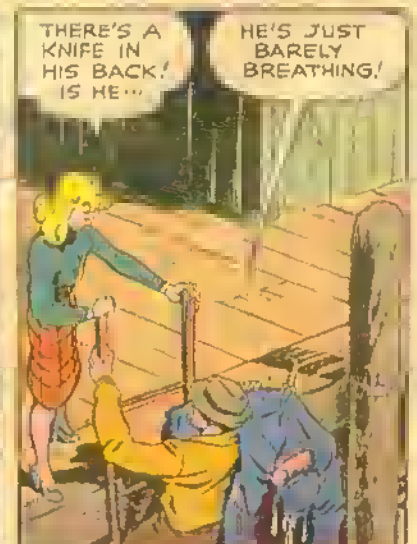
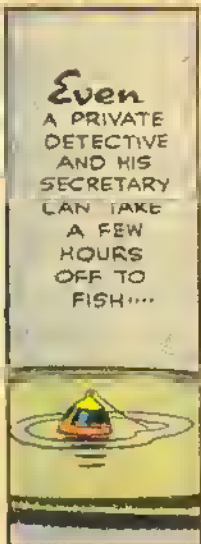
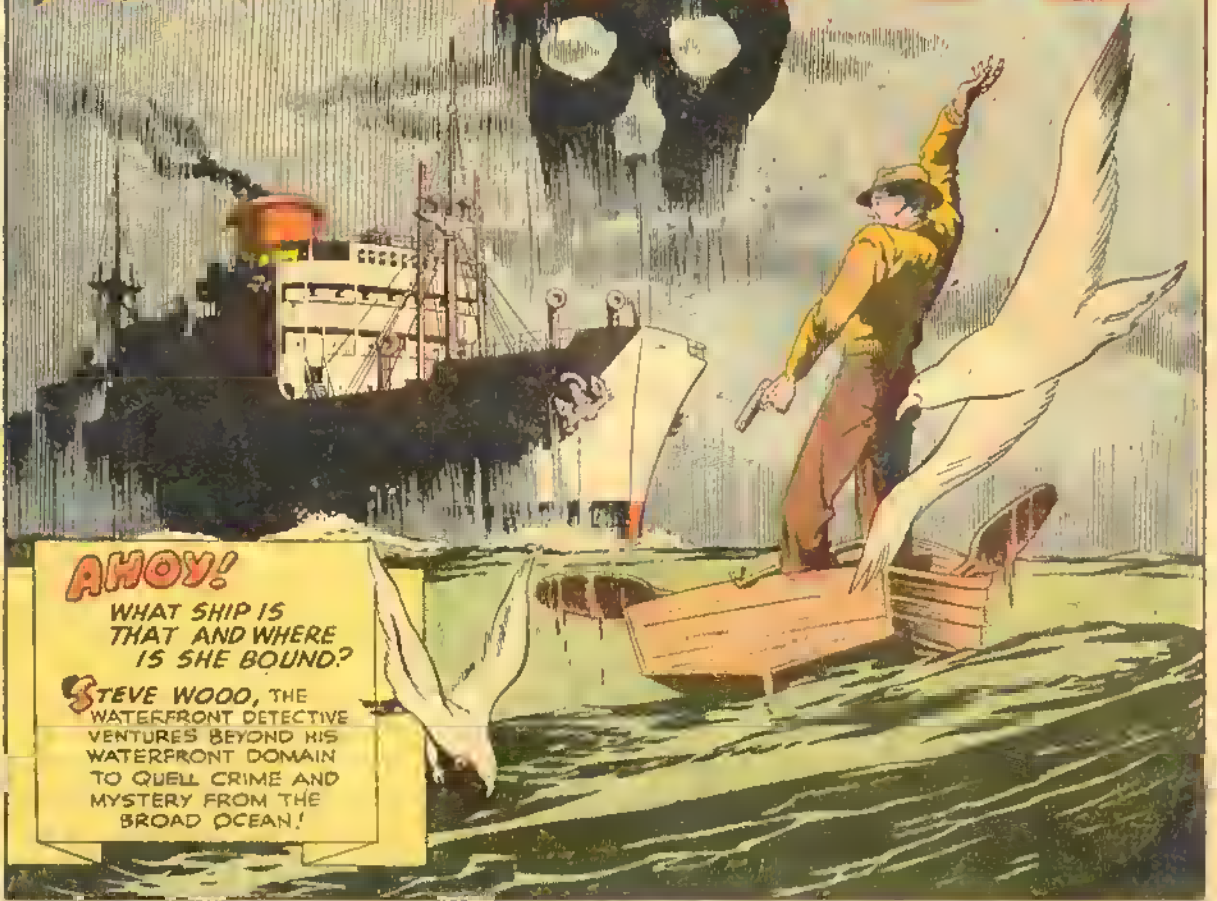
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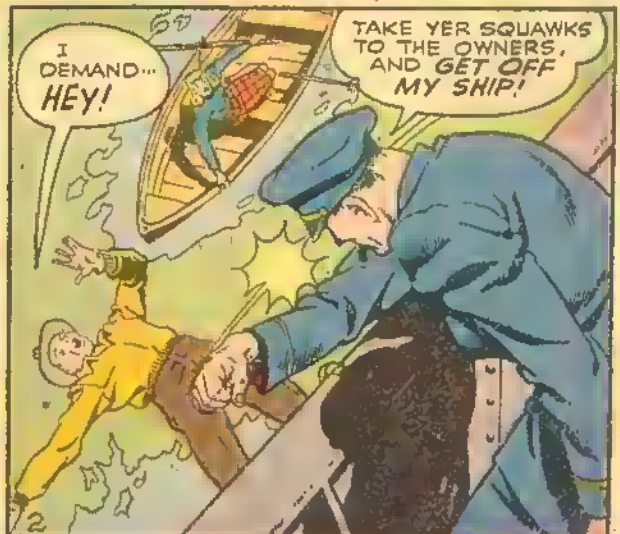
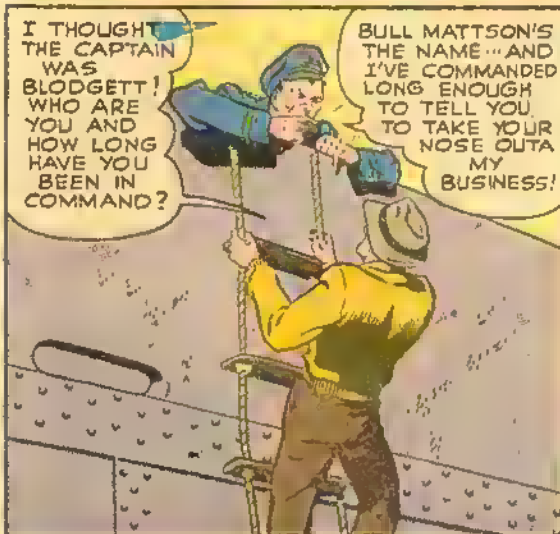
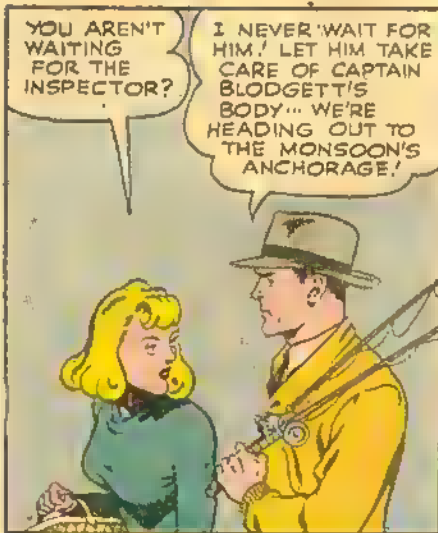
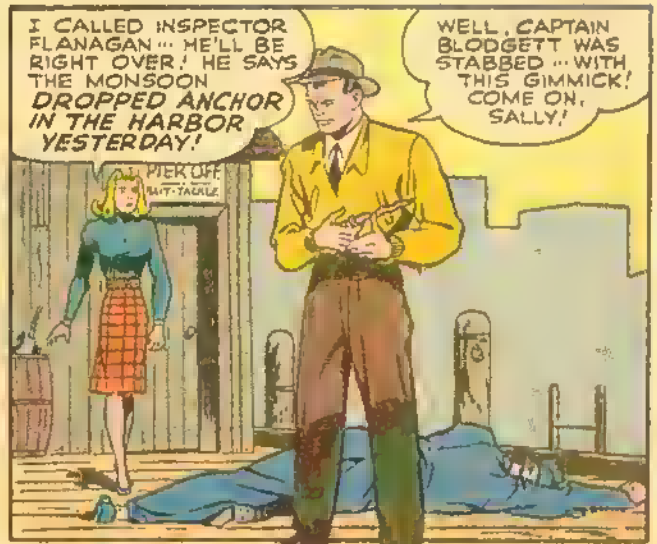
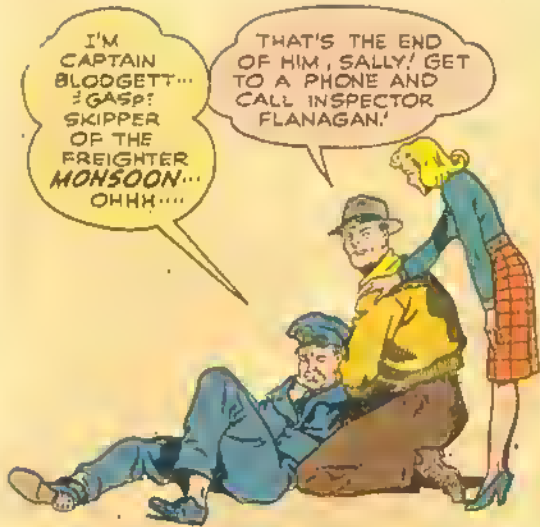


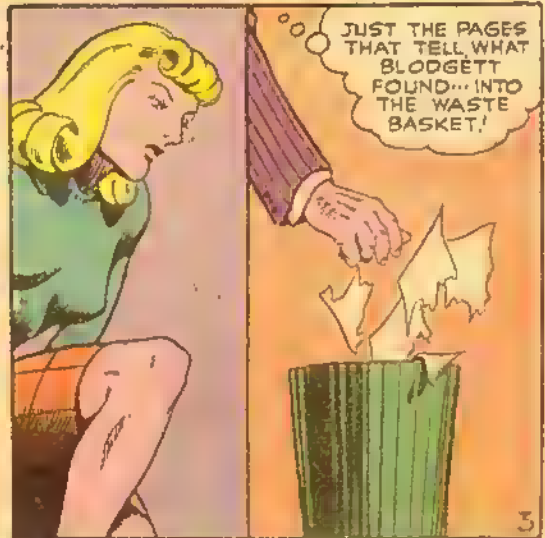
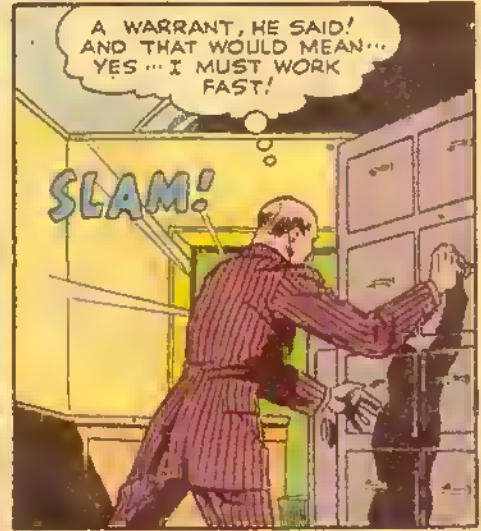
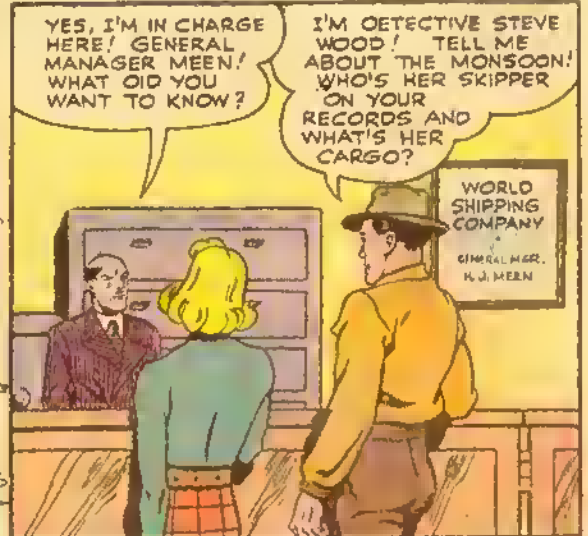
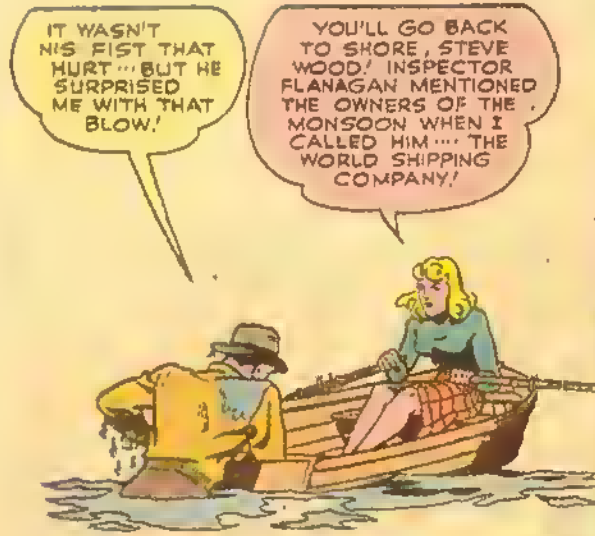
# Steve WOOD





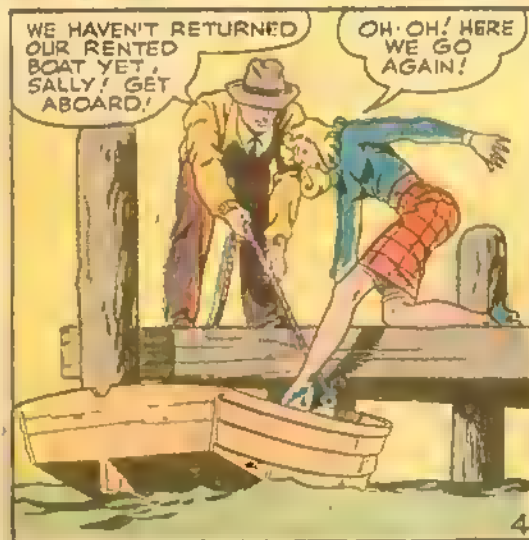
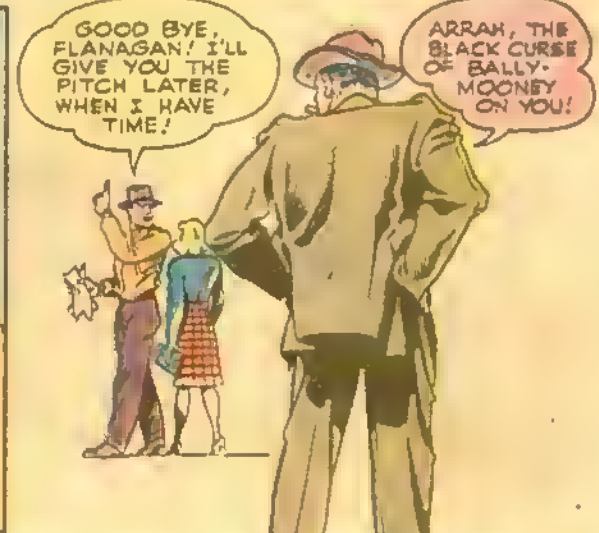
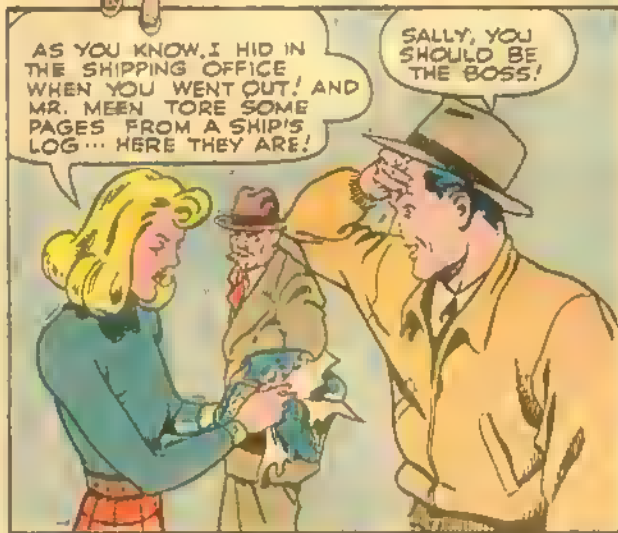
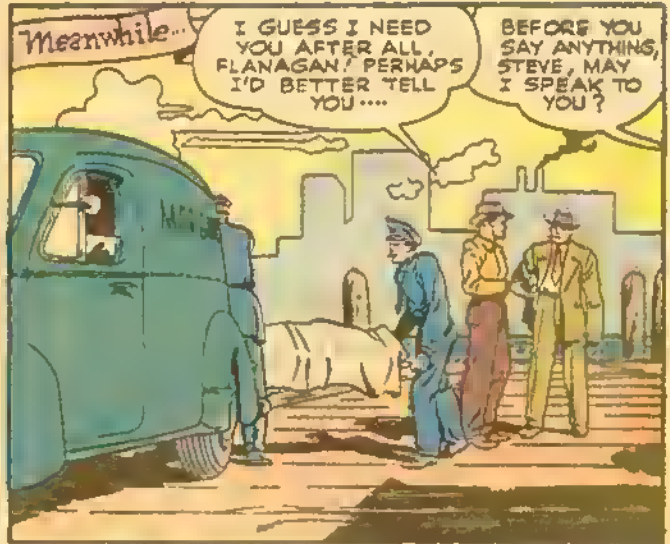
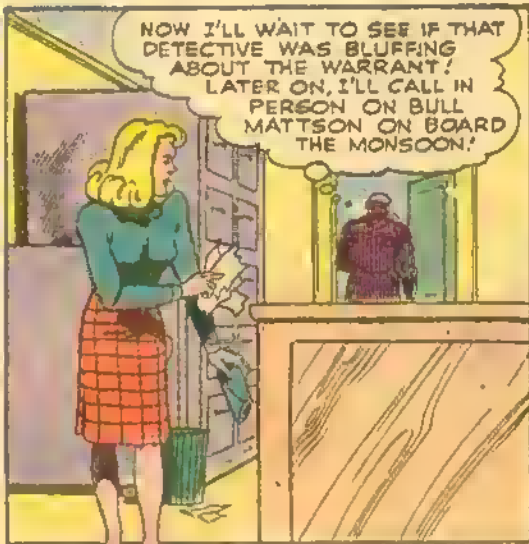
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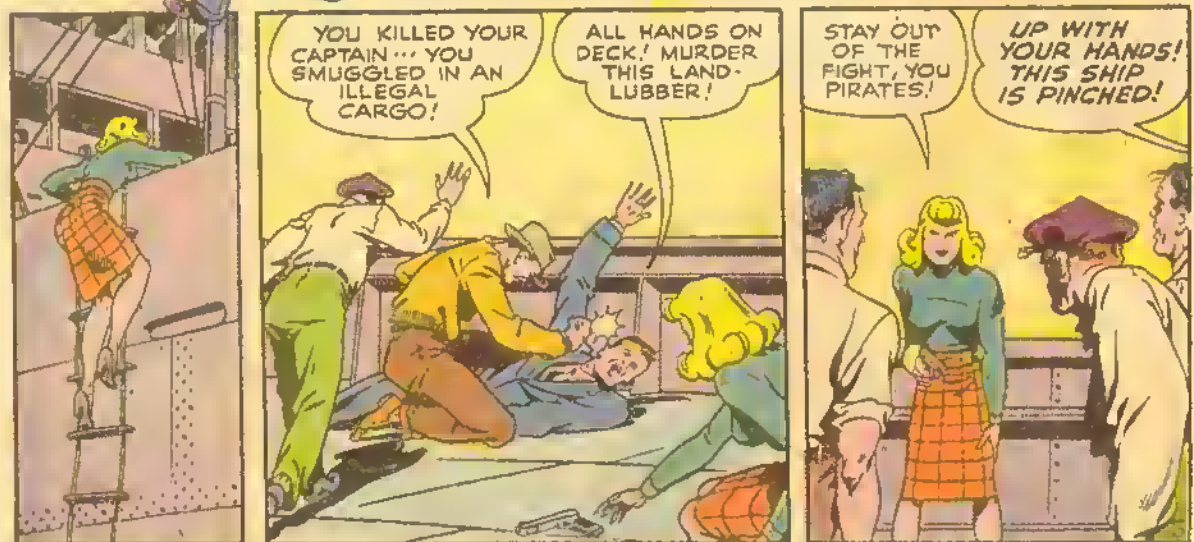
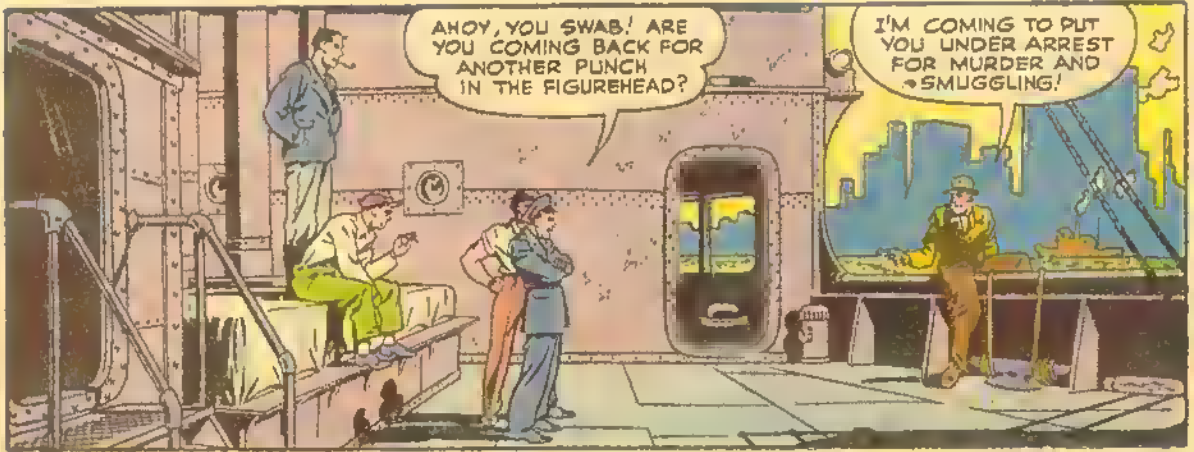




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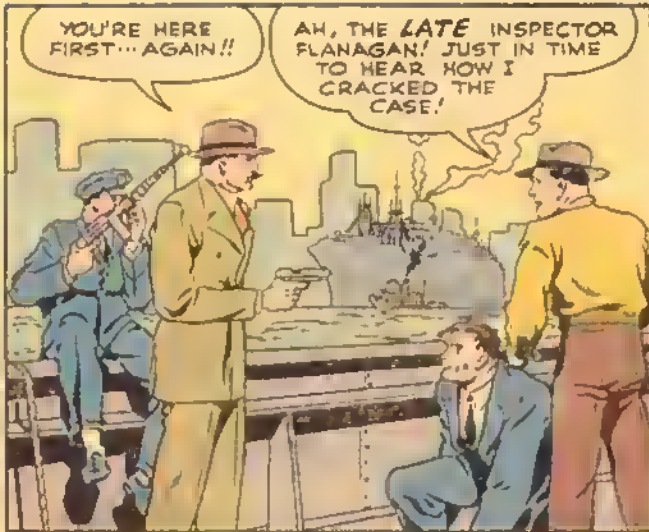


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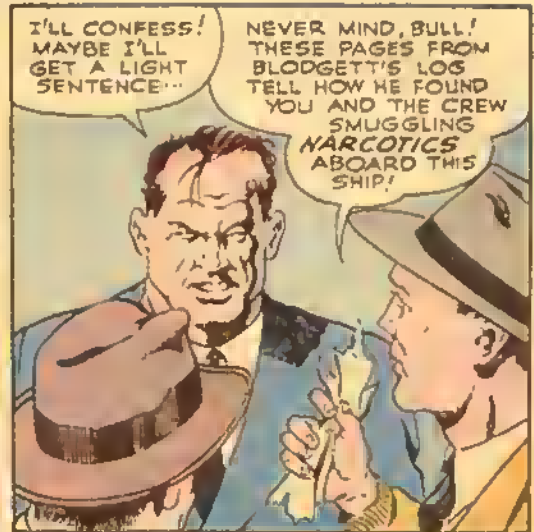


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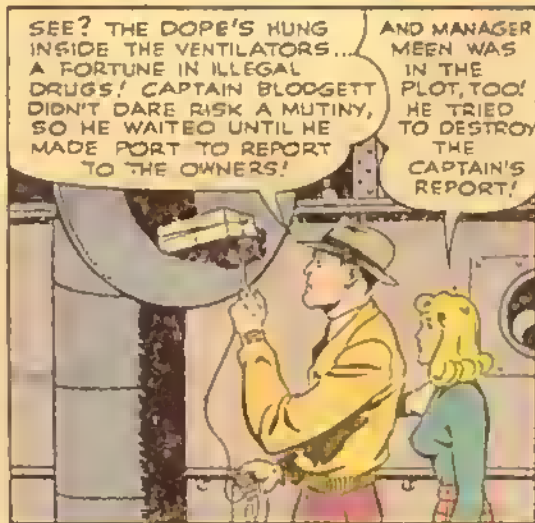
YOU'RE HERE FIRST... AGAIN!!

AH, THE **LATE** INSPECTOR FLANAGAN! JUST IN TIME TO HEAR HOW I CRACKED THE CASE!



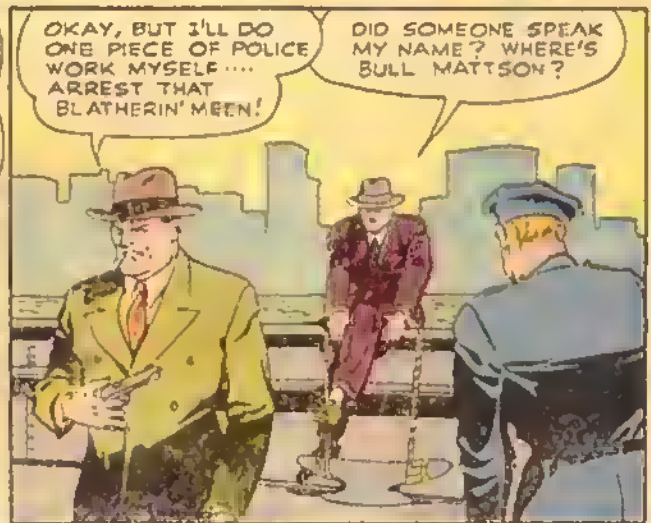
I'LL CONFESS! MAYBE I'LL GET A LIGHT SENTENCE...

NEVER MIND, BULL! THESE PAGES FROM BLODGETT'S LOG TELL HOW HE FOUND YOU AND THE CREW **SMUGGLING NARCOTICS** ABOARD THIS SHIP!



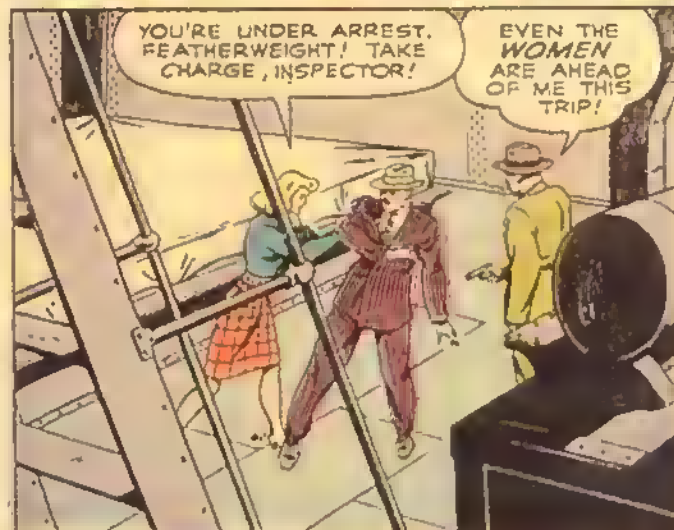
SEE? THE DOPE'S HUNG INSIDE THE VENTILATORS... A FORTUNE IN ILLEGAL DRUGS! CAPTAIN BLODGETT DIDN'T DARE RISK A MUTINY, SO HE WAITED UNTIL HE MADE PORT TO REPORT TO THE OWNERS!

AND MANAGER MEEN WAS IN THE PLOT, TOO! HE TRIED TO DESTROY THE CAPTAIN'S REPORT!



OKAY, BUT I'LL DO ONE PIECE OF POLICE WORK MYSELF... ARREST THAT BLATHERIN' MEEN!

DID SOMEONE SPEAK MY NAME? WHERE'S BULL MATTSO?



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. FEATHERWEIGHT! TAKE CHARGE, INSPECTOR!

EVEN THE **WOMEN** ARE AHEAD OF ME THIS TRIP!



*Later...* I DESERVE **SOME** CREDIT, STEVE... I PICKED UP YOUR GUN...

YES, SALLY, IT'S A GOOD THING YOU WENT FISHING WITH ME, TODAY!

EAT at **CHICO'S** MEXICAN RESTAURANT



# RED MAN'S BULL

"I'm leary of it," said Colonel Lane of Lane's Mammoth Circus. "We'll be virtually stranded in that reservation, miles from any town."

Carnie Calahan, the Barker, chuckled. "I think you're afraid of Indians, Colonel. Did you forget that we are no longer on the war path with them?"

The colonel waved an exasperated hand. "Oh, don't be fretions, Carnie. Of course I'm not afraid of a lot of Indians! It's only that—that the show will be totally isolated, in case there is any trouble."

Carnie got up and yawned. "Personally I think booking that big reservation is one of the smartest things I've done in my career. Think of it, Colonel, fifteen thousand Indians—all paying customers!"

The colonel muttered to himself as Carnie swaggered out of the office tent. There were times, he thought, when a fellow couldn't please angels. This was one of them. What was wrong with Lane that he shivered at the thought of showing before Indians?

Major Midge trudged by with Lena, the fat lady in tow. He took three steps to her one.

"Hi, Midge—Lena," said Carnie. "What gives?"

"Is it true," said Midge, "that we're going to show before some Indian crowd?"

Carnie nodded.

"I'm frightened to death," said Lena. "Of all things, Indians!"

Carnie laughed. "You have nothing to worry about, Lena. I've heard Indians like their wives plump. But you're a little too much on the heavy side for the best of 'em!"

Lena made a swipe at him. "Go hide your fat head!" she cried, sweeping past in a huff.

Five days later the special circus train came around a bend and pulled into Sundance, the little town some miles from the reservation. The troupe piled out and went in search of hotel quarters.

Carnie and the colonel lingered a while under a wooden awning, like the ones which covered

the sidewalk on both sides of the dusty street. They leaned against a 'doh wall.

"Well, Colonel, this is Sundance!" said Carnie casually.

"Yeah." Colonel Lane puckered his brow and gave a hasty glance up and down the street. "Look at 'em, sleeping standing up. Everywhere you look—Indians!"

"They're potential dollars, each of them," Carnie reminded him.

The colonel growled. "I wish we'd never have accepted this booking," he stated.

The next day the big circus wagons and trucks were unloaded from the flat cars and packed with the show's possessions. Then the caravan got under way for the reservation, ten miles out of town.

Black, heavy eyes watched everything with a strange, unwinking moodiness. Colonel Lane didn't like it. He saw evil in those eyes. He read danger in their glowing depths.

The Arizona sun beat down like a blowtorch, so afternoon shows were called off. They would have to make it only nights—three of them.

The tent was packed the first night. The acts came off exceedingly well. But during the entire performance not a sound was heard from the audience. No one laughed or made a sound.

"It's funny," said Spudo, the four-armed man to Shali, the snake charmer, after the show had closed for the night. "Not one of 'em cracked a smile, even when I put on my best act."

Shali eyed the four-armed wonder with eyes very much like those of her crawling charges. "And who says you ever do anything that'd cause a chuckle?"

"Oh, I don't know," Spudo replied. "You do nothing but make people's flesh crawl."

"What's all this," demanded the Barker as he came into the tent. "Bickering again, you two?"

"No. Only trying to figure out why no one in that frozen audience cracked a grin," said Spudo.

"It was funny, wasn't it?" said the Barker. "I guess that's known as Indian stoicism; but it isn't good for the nerves of a troupe, eh?"



## NATIONAL COMICS

Colonel Lane frowned in. He was scowling.

"That does it," he said. "That ties it. I won't show to such an unappreciative mob. I say I won't! I'll pick up and move out of here."

"They each paid a buck, Colonel," said Carnie softly. "Remember?"

Lane remembered. He remembered too that it had been the easiest crowd to handle he'd ever had.

So the show went on the next night as scheduled. Again the tent was jammed. Again the performances went off without a sound. And again the Lane Mammoth Circus took down a till full of dollars.

The third night was the same.

But still Col. Lane didn't like anything about it. There was something wrong. He was glad when the morning of the fourth day dawned, and the constabulars began packing the show into the trucks.

And right here is where something happened. Chief Sit-Down-Too-Long rode up to Col. Lane on his knobby-tailed horse and said, "How."

"Heh?" said Lane.

"Show go away?"

Lane nodded.

The chief shook his head. "No go yet," he said.

"I don't getcha," said the colonel.

"Indian put on show. You stay see."

"You guys—uh—you people are putting on a show?"

The chief inclined his head a half-inch. "Do same. You stay." He turned his horse and rode off.

"Well, I'll be a dark-burned donkey!" said Lane.

By noon most of the show was loaded and the trucks were ready to start back to town. It was then that some three hundred mounted braves rode down out of the hills and, with screaming and yelping, began encircling the show. They rode like demons, and yelled-louder.

"Say, what is this?" demanded the colonel of Carnie Calahan. "Are they going to give us trouble now?"

"I dunno what it means."

The colonel told him of his interesting chat with the chief that morning. Carnie looked startled.

"Then they mean to keep us here to see their show," he explained. "That's the gag. We'd better stay, Colonel. Indians are Indians still."

"Humph," snorted the colonel.

So that night the Indians put on their show. It was a real wild west sort of thing, with much riding, shooting of blanks, weird dances and knife throwing.

It was really a fine show and left the Mammoth Circus troupe a little bewildered. These Indians were excellent actors.

"You know what," said the colonel to the Barker, after the show had at last ended past midnight, "we could clean up with some of those chaps. Imagine how people would open their eyes at a real Indian troupe back east!"

The old chief came striding up to the colonel and Calahan. "You like show?" he asked.

"Fine, Chief," exclaimed Lane. "It was wonderful."

"Then you pay Indians dollar each," stated the chief. "Pay now. Tonight we give new show."

Calahan winked at Lane. "Better do as he says," he whispered. "Or we might not be able to get any of them in our show."

So the paymaster began paying out silver dollars to a never-ending string of Indians. There must have been three hundred of them.

That night it was the same. The show the Indians staged was in reality much like the first one, with some difference. The next morning the chief demanded payment again. And again the paymaster doled out some \$350.

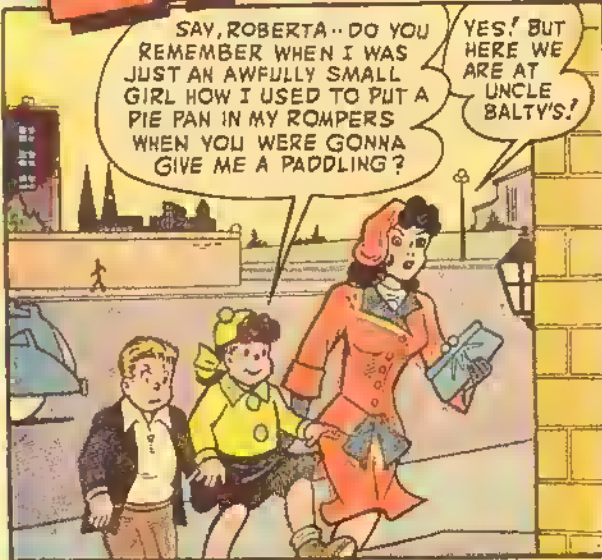
This happened the third night, too. Lane figured the fourth morning that he had paid out more than he'd taken in. But there was the spicy anticipation of signing up fifty or so good red actors. He and Calahan set out looking for the Indians, but after riding many miles they found no one except old men and babies. Not a brave anywhere.

"Carnie," said the colonel, sweat covered and tired from his long horseback ride, "I think we've been cleverly hoodwinked. We paid those Indians more than we took in. They put on that show just to get their money back."

"Yes, and it looks like they don't want to join Mammoth. Colonel, I believe they slicked us!"

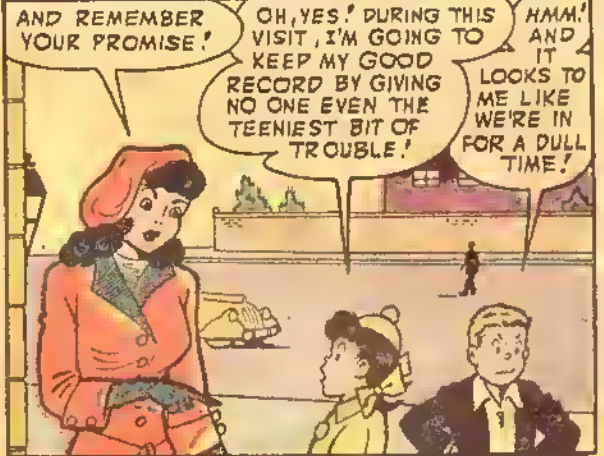
Colonel Lane looked sad for a moment, then broke into tired laughter. "Carnie, we thought we knew the show game. But those redskins slipped one over beautifully. They know the show game, too."

# LASSIE



SAY, ROBERTA... DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I WAS JUST AN AWFULLY SMALL GIRL HOW I USED TO PUT A PIE PAN IN MY ROMPERS WHEN YOU WERE GONNA GIVE ME A PADDLING?

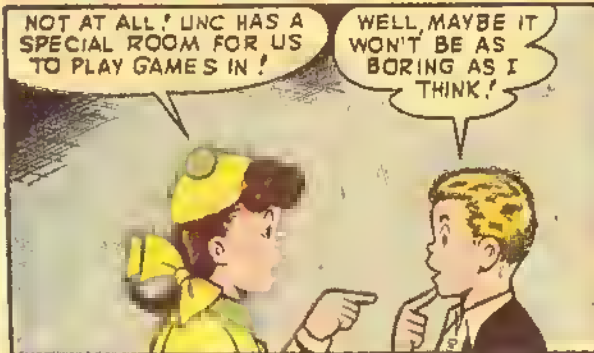
YES! BUT HERE WE ARE AT UNCLE BALTY'S!



AND REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE!

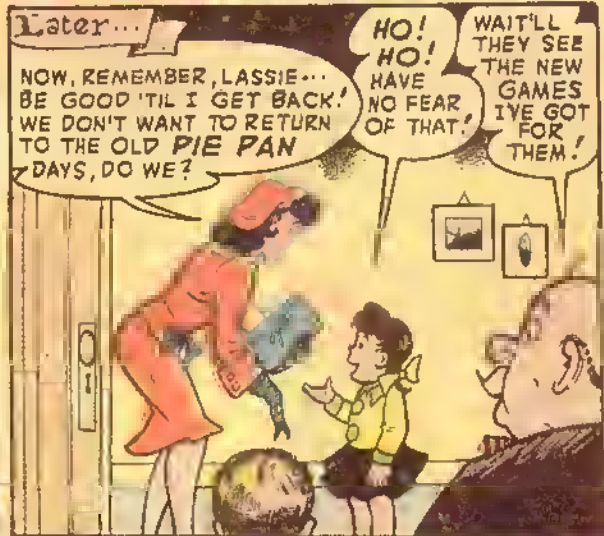
OH, YES! DURING THIS VISIT, I'M GOING TO KEEP MY GOOD RECORD BY GIVING NO ONE EVEN THE TEEINIEST BIT OF TROUBLE!

HMM! AND IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A DULL TIME!



NOT AT ALL! UNC HAS A SPECIAL ROOM FOR US TO PLAY GAMES IN!

WELL, MAYBE IT WON'T BE AS BORING AS I THINK!

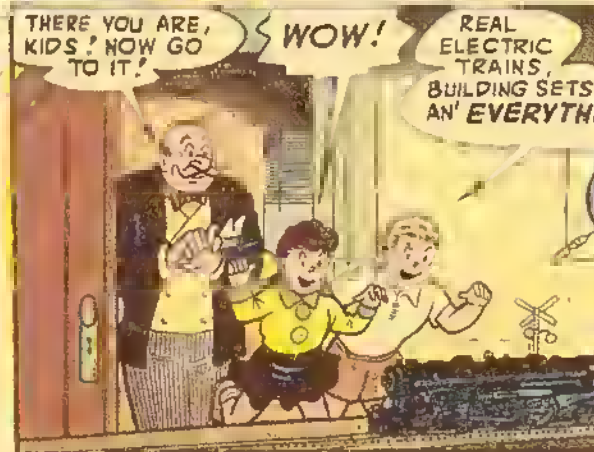


Later...

NOW, REMEMBER, LASSIE... BE GOOD 'TIL I GET BACK! WE DON'T WANT TO RETURN TO THE OLD PIE PAN DAYS, DO WE?

HO! HO! HAVE NO FEAR OF THAT!

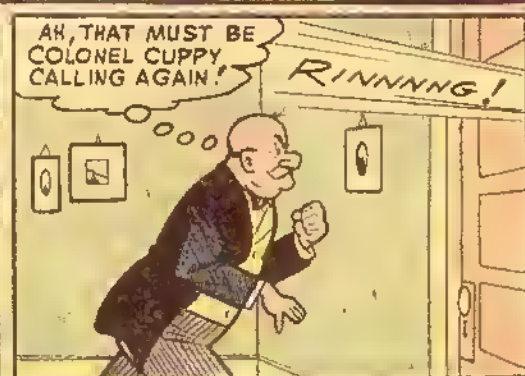
WAIT!LL THEY SEE THE NEW GAMES I'VE GOT FOR THEM!



THERE YOU ARE, KIDS! NOW GO TO IT!

WOW!

REAL ELECTRIC TRAINS, BUILDING SETS AN' EVERYTHING!

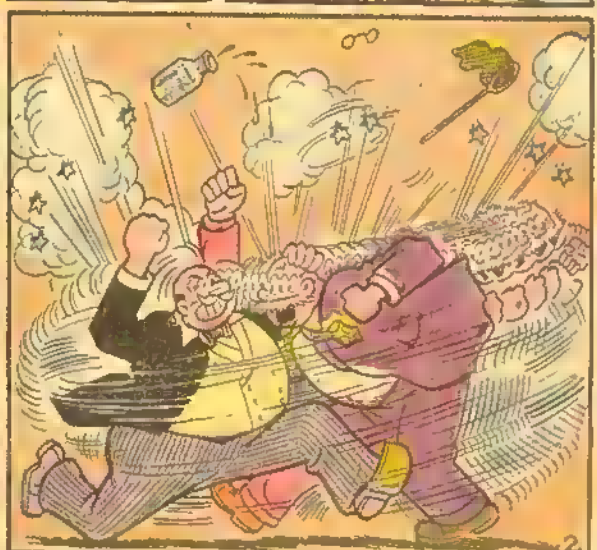
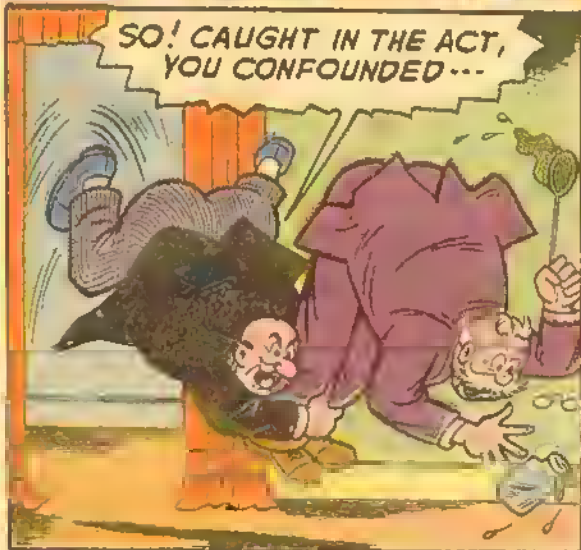
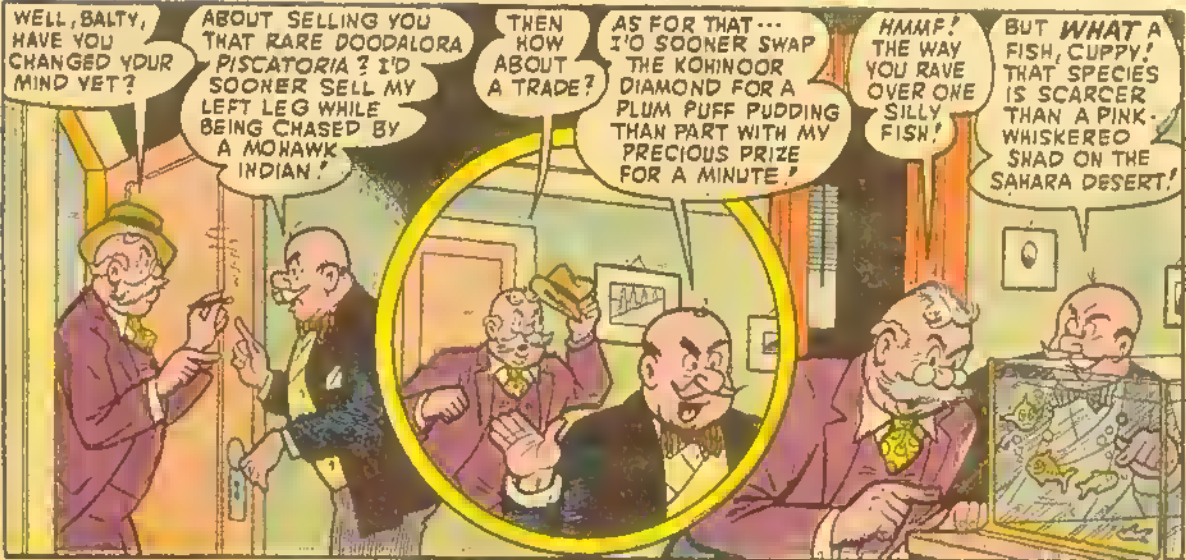


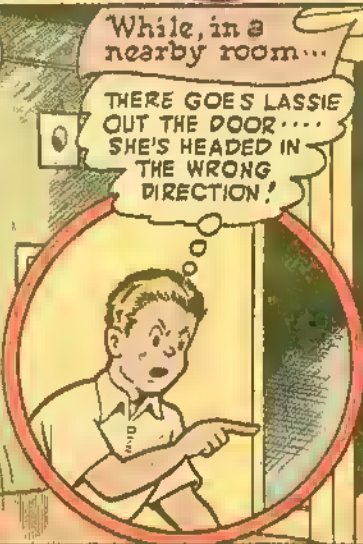
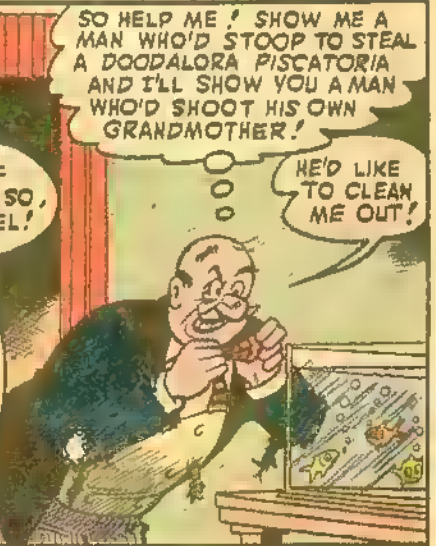
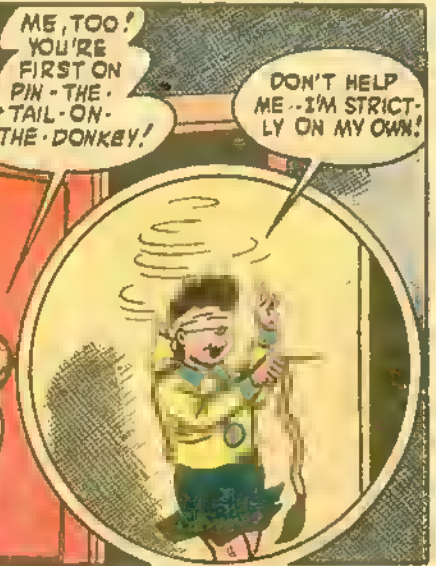
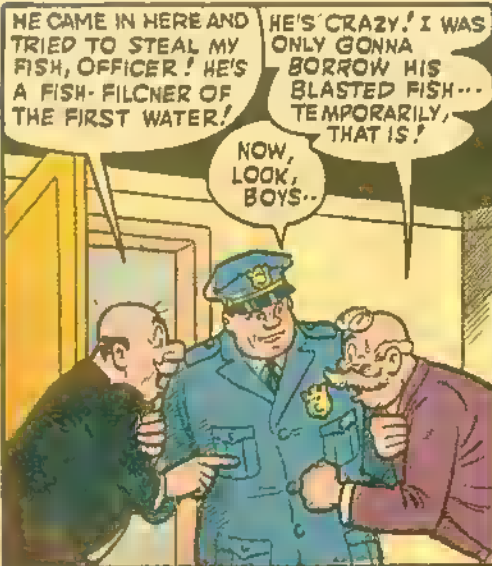
AH, THAT MUST BE COLONEL CUPPY CALLING AGAIN!

RINNNG!



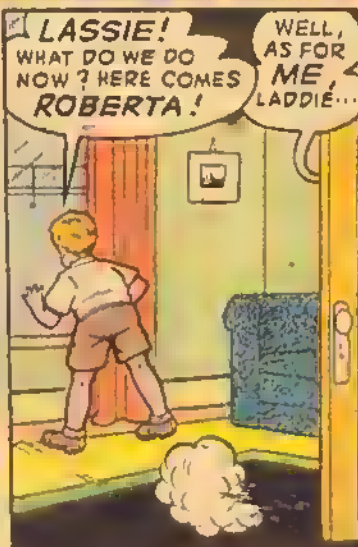
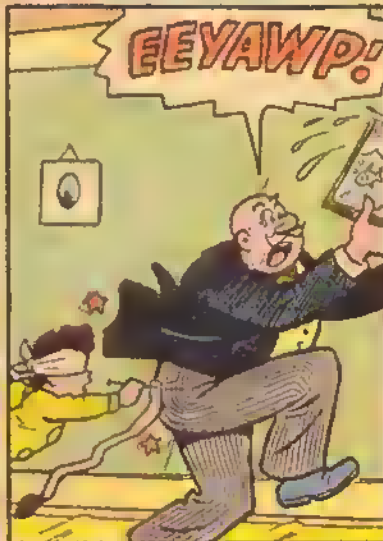
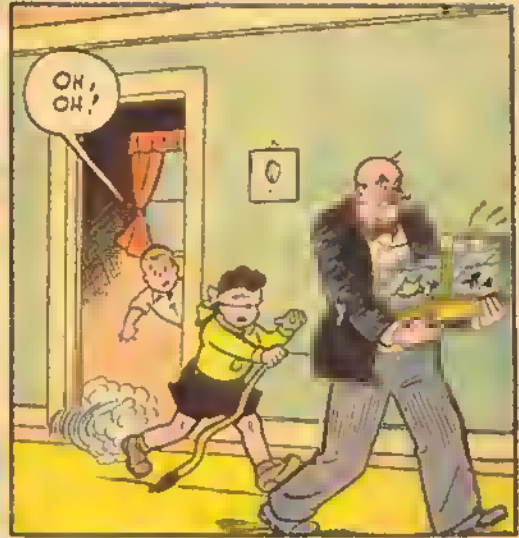
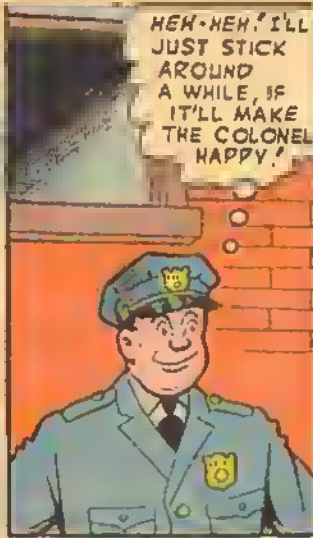
NATIONAL COMICS





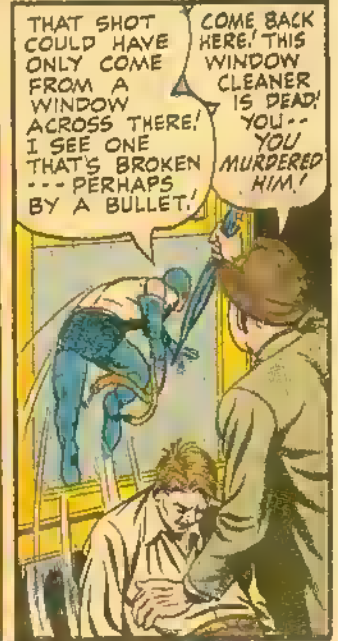
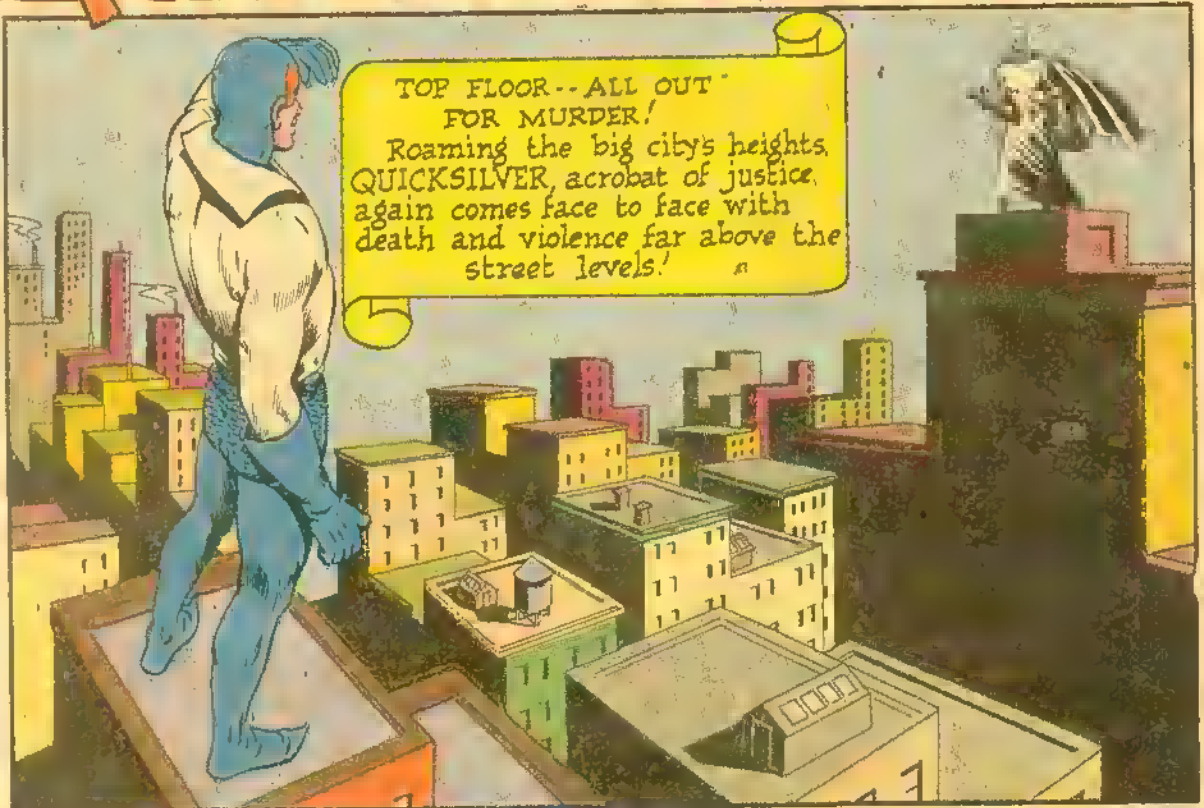


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NATIONAL COMICS

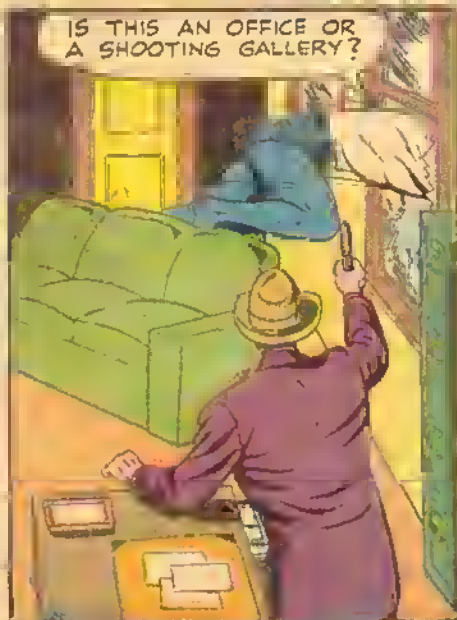
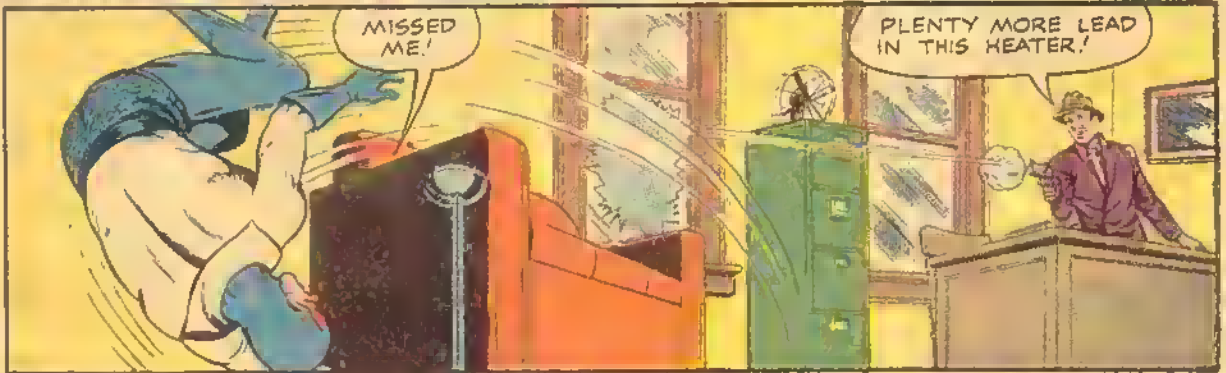
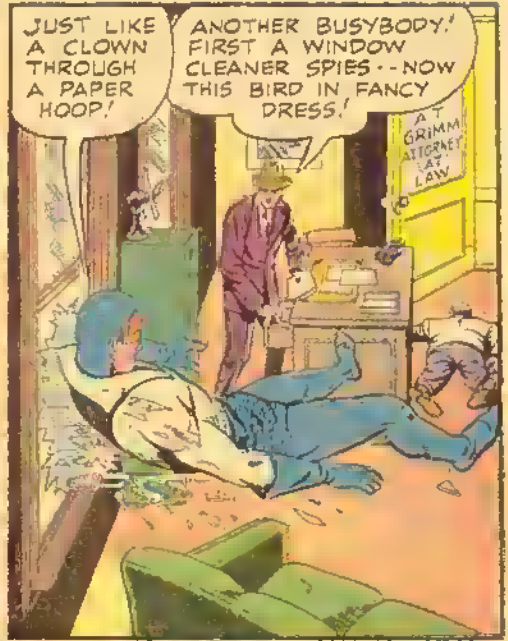
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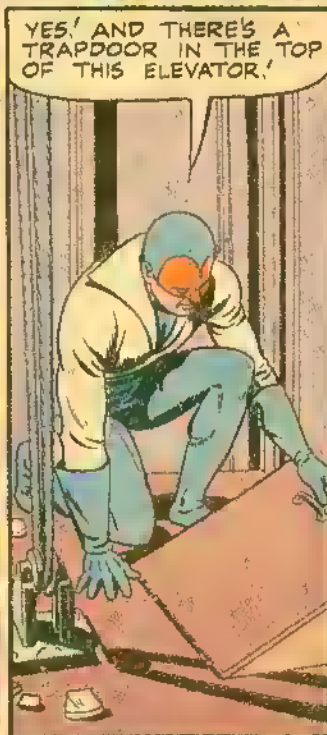
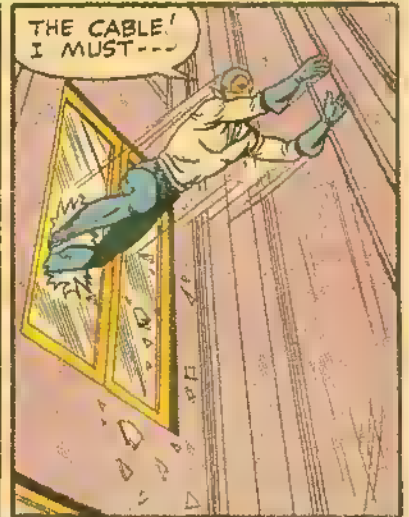
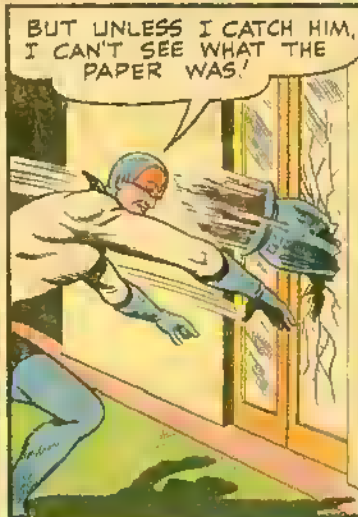
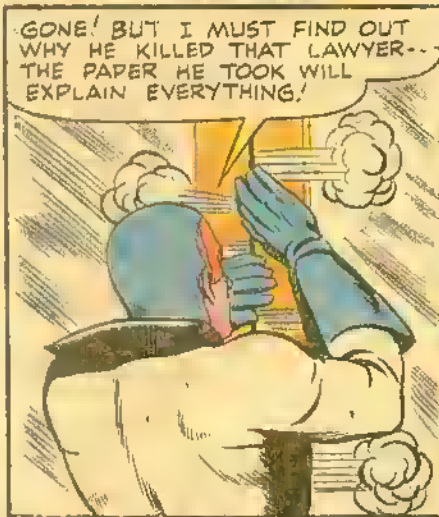
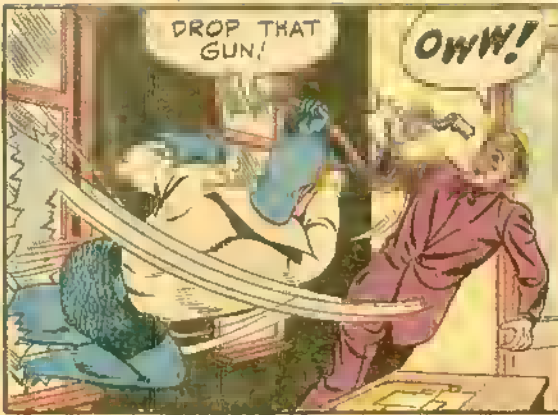




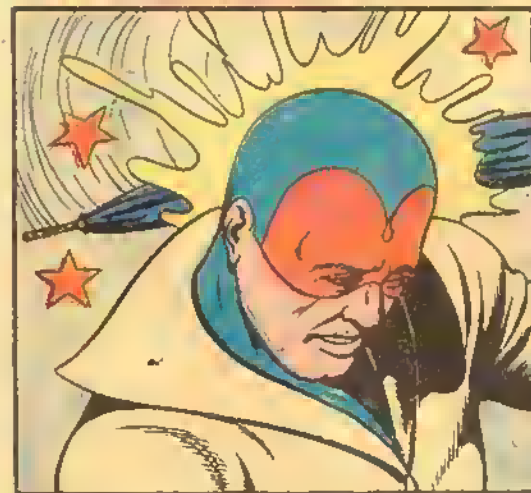
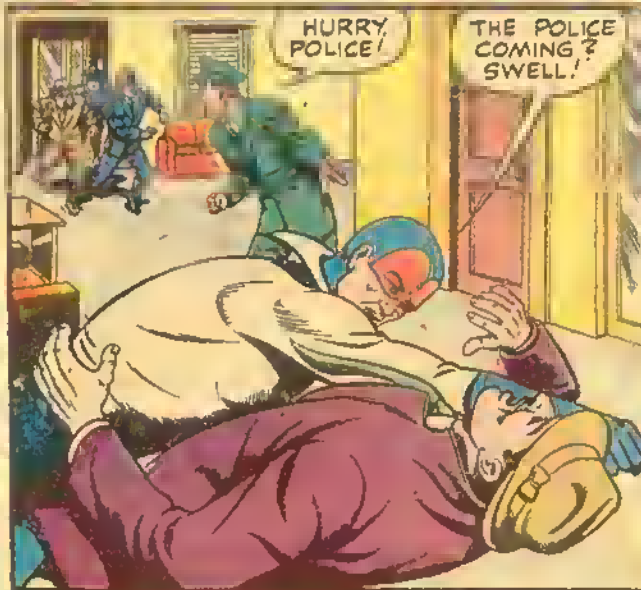
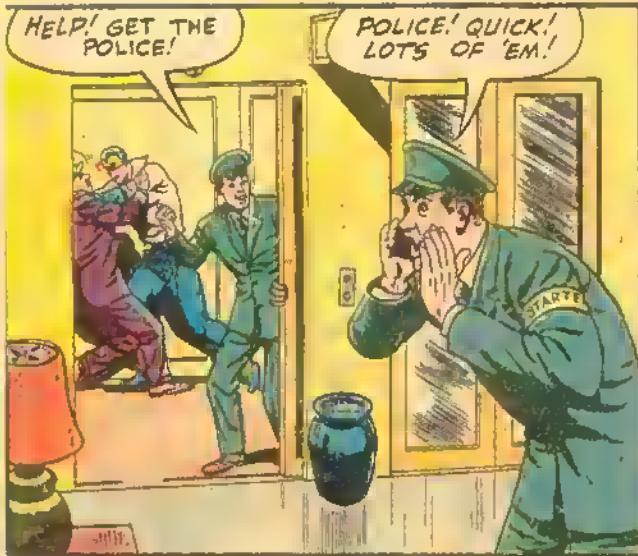


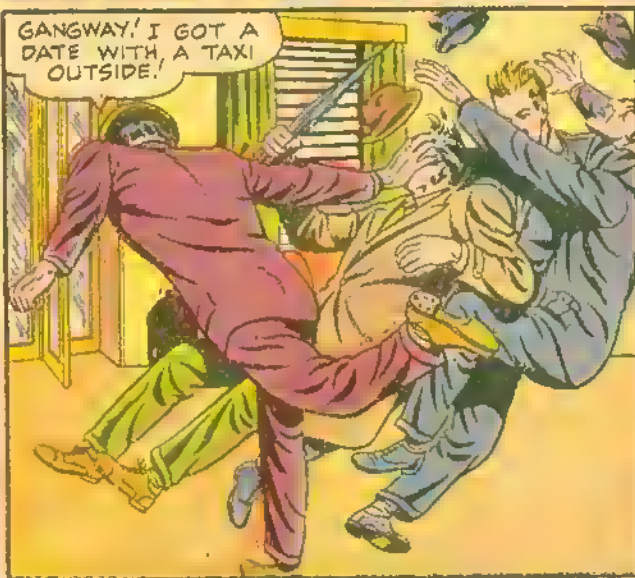
OH, FINE! A KILLER IN FRONT OF ME AND A FOOL BEHIND ME!



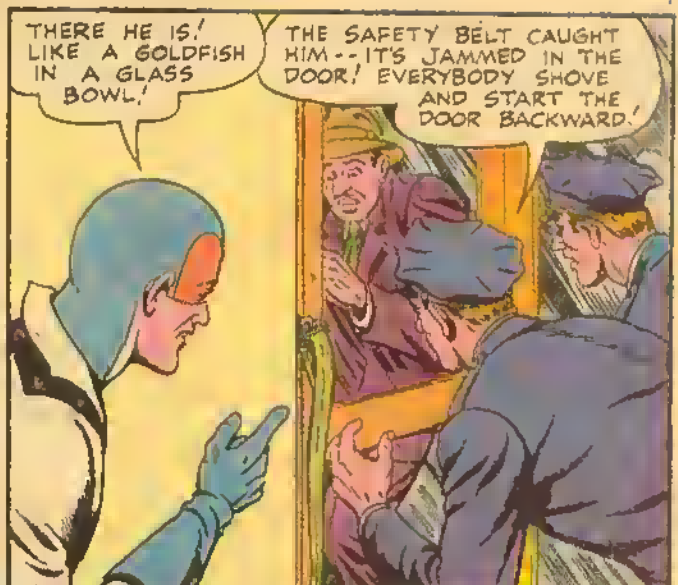














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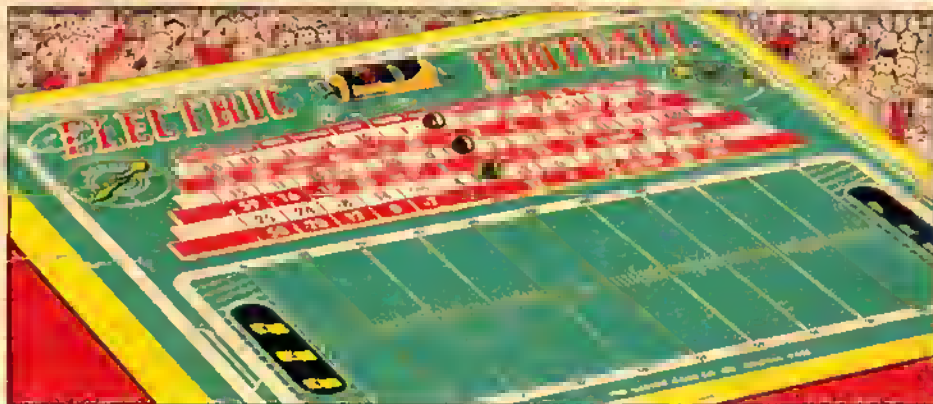
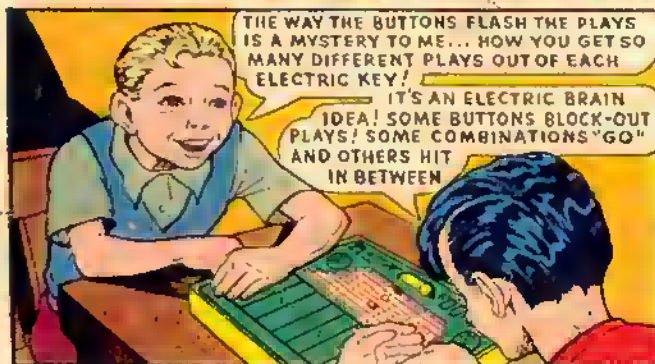
STATE.....

(This offer good only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1948)

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Play  
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BALL  
Rain  
or  
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Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. It is an amazing value for the money.



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☐ Electric Football  
☐ Electric Baseball  
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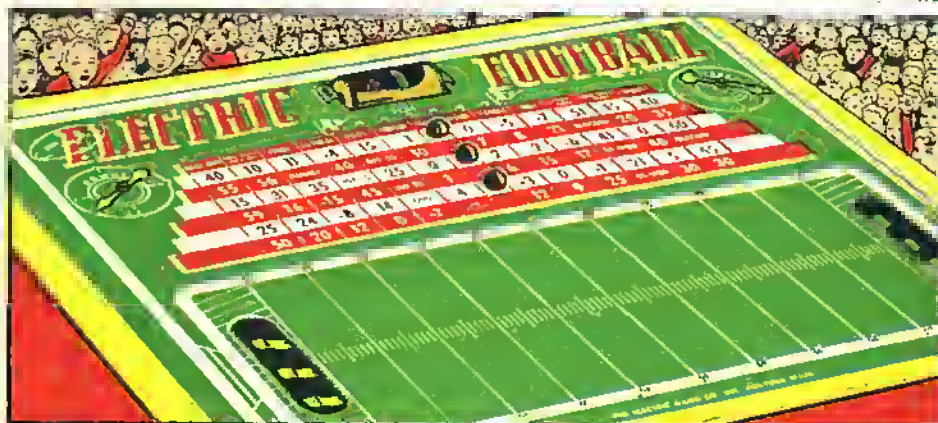
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473 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

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- ☐ Electric Football
- ☐ Electric Baseball
- ☐ Electric Air Race
- ☐ Electric Bowling
- ☐ Electric Flash Quiz

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